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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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Work and Wait.

A husbandman, who many years
Had plowed his fields and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron. I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery;
Yet none can toil in vain for me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
Must hang the cluster on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work, and watch, and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing to a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with his rainbow pen.

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail.

Love in Dreamland.

"Drunk again, you see, doctor. Yes, drunk again! The same old story, What next?" It was a pale young man in the thirties who spoke thus, and there was an exceeding weariness in the tone of his voice and bearing.

The great physician who sat opposite to him nodded gravely.

"Aye," continued the young man, in the same dreary manner as before, "I just recollect something about it. I was picked up in the gutter by a policeman last night. My front teeth, I find, had been kicked down my throat, or out of it—at all events they were gone; but I managed to make myself intelligible, and hiccoughed out that I lived here. It was a lie—I always tell lies at these times—but I was afraid to go home. Home! I have no home—but to my brother's house. Why was I afraid? I was afraid because I had robbed him. I had stolen his wife's miniature and the coral necklace of his child to buy drink. I have spent the money for which I pawned them, and here I am again."

He spoke without the smallest emotion, and then fixed his eyes doggedly on the ground. He had naturally something of the student's stoop, and now he bent so low that he looked the very picture of abject misery. The physician whom he addressed gazed at him meanwhile with intense compassion. Walter Clifford and Cecil Graham had been schoolfellows together at Harrow and fast friends at Oxford. Graham, (the doctor), after passing his examinations creditably, though without distinction, had taken a degree as a physician, and being a man of much sound sense and observation, rather than an abstract scholar, had rapidly risen to the first rank in his profession. Clifford, who had gone through his academic career much more brilliantly, and had taken high honors, was a poor, degraded vagabond, a begging letter writer, a creature whom it was not safe to receive into one's house lest he should steal something. Yet in spite of all there was a nameless dignity about the castaway, and it was hard to believe that one who in his calmer hours spoke and thought so nobly should be so vile. The night before the conversation just recorded he had been brought senseless to Dr. Graham's house, a shameless bundle of dirt and rags, but the doctor, being unmarried and free to follow his instincts as a good Samaritan, had recognized him at once, housed, fed and clothed him anew. The same thing had happened at least twenty times before, and Graham was wondering how and when such visits would end.

"Come, cheer up, old fellow!" he said kindly. "I've got an idea. Go down and live with my aunt in Cornwall. She is a worthy soul and makes capital tea. You used to like tea, I remember. You will do as you like, eat excellent apple puddings, and help her to manage her bees and her cucumbers whenever you feel inclined. I have got a little estate down there, too, you know, which I inherited from my dear mother. Be my agent till something better turns up. I can't afford to give you more than a hundred a year, but you will, of course, live at free quarters, and there is really some very good fishing. Promise me only not to tipple, and—Come, it is a bargain?" The doctor stretched out his hand and looked brightly on the human ruin before him. He tried to seem as though he were asking a favor, instead of conferring one.

Clifford moved uneasily in his chair, but made no motion to take the doctor's proffered hand. Presently, however, he turned his head away, and began speaking in a vague, musing manner, as though he was talking to himself.

"You all fancy it is drink which is the root and organ of mischief in my case," he muttered. "As a matter of fact, it is only a graft upon what is a deadlier, because a far more subtle and invisible malady. Since childhood I have been given to a habit of dreaming—of completely withdrawing myself from my surroundings, and retiring into a world of my own creation—What Coloridge required opium to effect, I could do without extraneous aid, for a time, but I soon found out that stimulants would rouse my jaded imagination when it flagged. First tea and coffee were enough; then, as these lost their effect from constant use, I resorted to wine, and as wine was slow in its effect, to spirits. The more I dreamed the more insignificant appeared to me the realities of life, and the more irresistible the temptation to dream."

The doctor, who was not devoid of humor, here laid his hand on Clifford's arm, and said, demurely: "My aunt has an old pony who has a habit of shying at unconsidered trifles. He is also a wrong-headed pony, and she will not hear of his being whipped. Whenever these fits come on you, take her out for a drive, and your attention will be fully occupied. For the rest cold water shower baths, fresh fruit, indexing books—anything that will keep your mind occupied; and—well, if that won't do, 'birch your body well with stinging nettles.' It is a very ancient remedy, and I should think might answer a mental diversion in your case. At all events, forswear the bottle."

"The bottle!" answered Clifford sadly. "How shall I convince you that I do not care for it? Up to yesterday even I had fought for some time pretty successfully against the dream demon, as you will call it, and had only drank moderately of wine at my brother's table. It was the afternoon, that time toward four o'clock, when our vitality is said to be at the lowest—mine certainly is. I thought a glass of absinthe would relieve me, but then it occurred to me that the absinthe would not give me the slightest pleasure or solace if I could not dream over it. If I had to think on the past and present after drinking it, it would only intensify my feelings and make them the more terrible. So I did not drink, and turned my steps toward home sorrowful and dejected. It was then that the enchanted castle rose before me in all its allurements. I was drawn, or went, if you will, toward its portals, and once I entered there my will is gone. Anything to stay in its few minutes longer. That means drink To resume—primary evil, dreaming. Graft upon it, drink."

"Rouse yourself, man," replied the physician with affectionate earnestness. "Your case is in your own hands. Think of all the wise hold dear in life—of man's esteem, of woman's affection and of the world's honor."

"Supposing that I like my world better than yours!" replied the dreamer. "Who knows which is the better, the world of facts or that of fancy? Here, I am a shabby outcast; the very children on yours streets cry out on me. There, not royal Israel in his glory was arrayed with more magnificence than I. I feast off sumptuous fare served to me by Numidian maids on golden salvers. I drink rich wines from jewelled goblets, cooled with mountain snow. My abodes are ivory palaces, built by pleasant waters, where the white cygnet woos the lily queen, and there I am made glad. In my gardens the tall cedar spreads her ample canopy against the noonday sun. Flowers of gorgeous hues and subtle fragrance cluster over crystal fountains. The luscious fruit hangs ripe upon the lime and orange tree. Terrace upon terrace rises range upon range, each thronged with graceful statues, till all are crowned by graceful towers, whence my banner floats. The groves beneath are full of nightingales and dancing elves. Fairy minstrels awaken the sylvan echoes round about, and tiny lutes give answer to soft dulcimers. The distant clash of fair Titania's cymbals, comes from afar, each with a silver sound. My word is power. In my audience halls await ambassadors from subject nations. My laws give wealth and peace to millions, and when I ride abroad, attended by my court and ministers, my people crowd about my horses' rein to kiss my feet, and shout with heart and voice: 'God save the king.'"

"That way lies madness," remarked the doctor gravely. "We call it dexomania, or a morbid passion for vain glory."

"What would you give me in exchange for it?" replied the dreamer, grimly. "Chambers in Pump Court or Lincoln's Inn; a Sunday dinner with my friendly editor or kind attorney, till I had grown base enough to be knighted with some city huckster, made rich by cheating his fellow men; or, were I steeped to the very lips in infamy, till I was made a junior baron in your falling house of lords, a tool of party, the very essence of a rogue?"

"Wake up, I say," replied the doctor, rather testily. Wake up, and be a man!"

"No, thank you," replied Clifford. "I would rather return to my slumbers. Lately, too, there has come into my dreams a vision of unutterable loveliness. Her form is all my soul has ever pictured of the beautiful; her voice is what my ears have keenest sought in music; her eyes are lode-stars, and her lips are sweeter than the honeycomb—though shape and voice and lips be all of air. Good-by."

"Yet stay," said Graham, anxiously, "or do not at least, go empty handed. Take this, and when it is gone, why come again, 'for auld lang syne.'"

The vagabond's hand clutched almost fiercely at the coins held out to him. "Never fear," he said, with an absent laugh, "you will see me again."

Then his spare, bent figure went shambling away out of the doctor's house, which was all bathed in sunshine, and passed into the shadow beyond.

"Poor devil!" sighed the prosperous physician. "I must not let him go; he is staggering straight to a mad house." And Graham seized his hat, but his servant met him in the doorway before he could pass out.

"There are twelve patients, sir, in the waiting room." said the man mechanically, "and here are three telegrams."

The doctor put down his hat. He was vexed and angry with himself. Duty is a hard taskmaster. But could anything have been done for Walter Clifford!

The Mad Poet.

Such was the name given to McDonald Clarke, a wild, eccentric writer of verses, who lived in the city of New York some thirty years ago. He had a talent for improvisation, which he used to celebrate the charms of those persons of whom from time to time, he became enamoured.

A volume of his poems, published by subscription, contains in the preface these touching paragraphs:

"I won't pester folks with apologies. Here's a rough handful of flowers—a little dirt about the roots—a tear'll wash it off!

"If the life of my poetry is wholesome, 'twill breathe after the wild spirit that inspired it has been sobered at the terrible tribunal of eternity, and the weak hand that traced it long wasted to ashes."

In one of these wild moods which frequently came upon him, when the will to be sublime was not sustained by the strength he wrote these lines on Washington:

"Eternity—give him elbowroom;
A spirit like his is large;
Earth—fence with artillery his tomb,
And fire a double charge
To the memory of America's greatest man;
Match him, posterity, if you can."

He was a regular attendant on Sunday church service, and in one of his lucid moods wrote this tender, simple tribute to the Sabbath:

"I feel the happier all the week,
If my foot has pressed the sacred aisle,
The pillow seems softer to my cheek;
I sink to slumber with a smile;
With sinful passions cease to fight,
And sweetly dream on Sunday night."

He died in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Speaking of the arrangements he desired made for his funeral, he said:

"I hope the children will come. I want to be buried by the side of children. Four things I am sure there will be in heaven—music, flowers, pure air and plenty of little children."

The Jocose.

When a girl talks about the two strings to her beau, does she mean his suspenders?"

A Western paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of fifty-seven years, "Another Old Landmark Gone."

The man who desires a front seat in Life's fleeting show must be on hand when the doors are opened.

When you invite a friend to drink down in Maine the propah capah is "Less git the landlord in trouble."

St. Louis has a justice named Taaffe who is called upon by marrying people frequently as he is too sweet for anything else.

If the size of a man's head gear is proof of intellectual power what an immense brain the fellow must have who stole our hat.

The latest thing East are short sermons called sermonettes. A sermonette, we should think, would be easily digested.

Another poet comes forward and says: "And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss," beats all what a man can hear if he is only mean enough to listen.

A young lady who lately gave a milliner an order for a bonnet said: "You must make it plain but still attractive and smart as I sit in a conspicuous place in church.

A writer advises that girls who wish to have small mouths should repeat at frequent intervals through the day: "Fannie Finch fried four floundering frogs for Frances Fowler's father."

Some men must have a quarter of a column to express a well-defined idea when writing for a newspaper, but it is astonishing how concise they can make an advertisement that costs thirty cents per line.

A young man who went into the country, introduced himself to a spring hen roost and heard something go off very much like a shotgun, simultaneously explained his absence and lameness to his friends upon his return, by saying that he had just got back from Leadville.

She Thonght She'd Sign.

There was a Detroiter among the trio of officials who passed over the route of the Butler road to secure the right of way. In some cases farmers cheerfully signed off; in others money had to be used; but in one case the committee found a determined opposition. The road would divide a widows farm, and she was independent, obstinate and defiant. She knew that her haystacks and barn would be destroyed by sparks, her live stock run over by trains, and her slumbers disturbed by the rattle of trains, and she wouldn't listen to argument. In this emergency one of the committee said: "Madam, do you know of any widow in this neighbordosd who would be willing to board a gentleman connected with the construction of our road? He is a widower, and prefers to board with a widow." "No, I don't know as I do. Is he a nice man?" "Splendid man, and has money in the bank. We want him to locate permanently at this point, and are in hopes he will take a wife. It is unfortunate that one——" "I never did take boarders," she mused, "but——" "If you only could, now, I'm sure you would not regret it. He is extremely fond of children, and would be like a father to your little ones." perhaps I might to accommodate you." "Ah! thanks. He would be here next week if this right-of-way matter was decided, but as it is he may not——" "Do you agree to pay damages if you burn my barn?" "Of course we do." "And I'll probably get used to the noise?" "Oh, of course. In a week you won't mind it. Fact is you'll sit up every night till midnight, anyhow, after the gentleman arrives." "Oh, no, I shan't, I shall never love again; but if he is a nice man, and loves children, why, I don't know as I ought to stop your road. I guess I'll sign!"

National Jokes.

Not long ago an Irishman applied to an overseeer in a Tyne shipyard to be put on a job. He was informed that his request could not be complied with; but as Pat continued to gaze at an anchor which was lying in the vicinity, the foreman repeated his reply that was no work for him and advised him to go away. "Divil a bit will I stir, sur, till I see the man that's going to use that pick."

Cheyenne men bet on anything. Two of them put up five dollars a piece on a wager that one could hold a wasp longer than the other could, and the fellow who rubbed chloroform on his hands expected to win; but the other fellow happened to know that male wasps don't sting, and got one of that sex, and they grabbed their wasps and smiled at each other, while the crowd wondered, until the chloroform had evaporated, and the fellow who used it suddenly let go his wasp and let the audience into the secret of how to swear the shingles all off the roof.

POLITENESS IN DUNNING.—An old gentleman had owed a firm for years; at last, after everybody's patience and temper was exhausted, a clerk named Frank undertook to get the money. Frank called upon the gentleman and met with a polite reception, and the usual answer, with the addition, "You need not trouble yourself, young man, about the matter; I will make it all right."

"Oh, no," replied Frank, "I could not think for a moment of compelling you to call at the store for a few dollars. It will not be the slightest inconvenience for me to stop, as I pass your place of business six times a day to and from my meals, and I can call every time I go by." "Here," said the old fellow to his bookkeeper, alarmed at the prospect of being dunned for the next six months, "pay this impertinent rascal. He can beat me in politeness, and if he wants a situation, I will give him two thousand dollars a year.

The famous Romieu was one day caught in a shower and forced to seek refuge in a doorway of the opera house. It was six o'clock already and he had an engagement at the Cafe de Paris for that very hour. The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done? While he was cursing his bad luck a gentleman with a large umbrella passed by. Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella. "I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine. Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise, Romieu rattled away with gossip anecdote until he had gradually led his unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he glanced at him with a face full of well-feigned astonishment: "Pardon, Monsieur," he cried. "It seems I am mistaken." "I believe so," said the stranger. "The mischief," added Romieu, "be discreet: don't repeat what I've told you." "I promise you." "A thousand pardons," Romieu hastens within the cafe and tells the adventure to his friends, amid great laughter. Suddenly one of them says: "Your cravat is rumpled." Romieu puts his hand to his neck and turns pale. His pin, a valuable sapphire, is gone. A further examination—and his purse and watch are gone. The man with the umbrella was a pickpocket. The friends laugh again but Romieu doesn't join them.

THE YAK.—To the Kirghiz the yak, or *Kash-gow*, is as invaluable as the reindeer to the Laplanders; or, in another way, as the camel to the Arab. Its milk is richer than that of the cow, and its hair is woven into clothes and other fabrics. Where a man can walk a yak can be ridden. It is remarkably sure-footed; like the elephant, it has a wonderful sagacity in knowing what will bear its weight, and in avoiding hidden depths and chasms; and when a pass or gorge becomes blocked by snow (provided it be not frozen) a score of yaks driven in front will make a highway. This strange creature frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits, and it needs no tending, and finds its food at all seasons. If the snow on the heights lies too deep for him to find the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes and eats his way up again, displacing the snow as he ascends. When arrived at the top, he performs a second somersault down the slope, and displaces a second groove of snow as he eats his way to the top again. The yak cannot bear a temperature above freezing; and in summer it leaves the haunts of men and ascends far up the mountains to the "old ice," above the limit of perpetual snow, its calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's return, in which she never fails.

TONY had a sty on his eye recently, and becoming annoyed at the frequent inquiries of his friends regarding it, he wrote on a card which he pinned conspicuously on the lapel of his coat the following: "Sty; had it about two weeks; hurts like blazes!" This effectually shortened all conversation on an unpleasant subject.

The world honors a fearless and outspoken advocate of any cause. Let your light shine. Throw away your bushel.

Messages from the Sea.

A few instances of messages from the sea, reported from time to time to have been found, like Poe's manuscript, in a bottle, may perhaps be taken for what they are worth. A girl picked up in the sea, near Barrow, a securely-corked bottle containing a scrap of old newspaper, on which was indistinctly written: "Gone down off the coast of Ireland, the steamer Combat, with all hands. Captain Yates." There was no mention of date on which the ship sank, but the writing appeared to have been hurriedly done. On the shore of the Bay of Luce a bottle was reported to have been found containing the following message, written in pencil on a piece of paper, the writing being much faded: "on the 29th of April, 1876, the ship Herclades was wrecked on the extremity of Patagonia. Crew in the hands of savages. Bring us assistance." During a fearful winter storm, it was conjectured, from the large quantity of wreckage floating about, that many vessels had been lost at the mouth of the Tay in addition to those reported at the time. Some particulars reached the press—whether verified or not the writer is unable to say—that a letter inclosed in a bottle was cast ashore on the Fifeshire coast giving a clue to one of these ships. The letter, blotted and otherwise damaged by sea water, was written in bold Norwegian characters, and was thus translated. "Schooner Bay, Tonsberg, 25th December, eighth morning. We are now in a sinking condition, within sight of Bell Rock, outside the river Tay. We have had both boats smashed and carried away and cannot, therefore, make an attempt to come ashore. We have experienced great hardships during the heavy gales in the North Sea. Greater part of rails, stanchions and bulwarks are carried away. We have been laboring constantly at the pumps for three days, and the forecastle and cabin are full of water. Everything is destroyed and we have but little to eat. We now put our trust in a merciful God, and if it is our fate to die, we hope to arrive at a heavenly throne. The crew is otherwise all well, and asked to be remembered to their dear ones at home. (Signed) H. Mathson, captain of the schooner Bay." The letter bore the address, "To Tonsberg, Norway." The name of the Bay was on the Norwegian shipping lists, and she would have a crew of seven or eight hands, and is supposed to have been bound, coal-laden, from the Tyne to Norway. This sad message from the sea was reported to the owners. Considering what has resulted from mariners' experiments with bottles afloat, and how often, after disasters at sea, these have been the means of communication between the live and dead, too much cannot be said in condemnation of thoughtless persons who perpetrate hoaxes of this description.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Sleep and Waste of Life.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the headache. It will cure the neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow.

Now, no man should do more work of muscle or brain in a day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point exercise is good; beyond are waste of life, exhaustion and decay. When hunger calls for food, and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves, or excite an appetite, we are wasting life. A man should live so as to keep himself at his best, and with a true economy.—*Exchange.*

General and Personal.

Old Betz, a Sioux squaw, who died recently at the reputed age of more than 100 years, had been successively the wife of an army officer, of an Indian chief, of a border highwayman. There are some things that even an Indian squaw cannot stand.

The hatters and cigars dealers take the more philosophical view of the election. Their business is benefited whichever side wins.

The aviaries displayed by some of our esteemed contemporaries indicate that the epizooty has struck in among the poultry.

Bernhardt has been photographed in forty different positions since she reached New York. It is to be hoped that she will have a few pictures put on exhibition to appease the popular demand. Most of our leading actresses are altogether too coy in this regard.

Professor Swift has not yet named his semi-visible streak of a comet. How would Sarah Bernhardt do for a name?

Majolica dishes on which lobsters, oysters and fruits are simulated are nice, economical table ware for near-sighted people.

Two girls in an Illinois boarding school had a contest to see which could dress quickest, on a wager. Three other girls acted as judges, and the air seemed full of lingerie, pictorial stockings and lots of things that no fellow even knows the names of for seven minutes and thirteen seconds, when the winner smilingly emerged, faultlessly attired, even to bonnet and

Anna Dickinson's favorite exercise is roller skating, and dramatic critics who have seen her say that it has given her a development equal to Rowel's.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Sophocles of Æschylus as they stood at the side of the stage and looked over the vast audience. "At all those Athenian donkeys," answered Æschylus, "who have paid from five to ten drachm for the privilege of listening to this Persian actress, when they don't understand one word she says."—*Puck.*

Paris is much mystified over a "double" of the Prince of Wales, who resembles him with a photographic fidelity, and whose appearance in the gay capital caused the announcement by the entire Parisian press that Albert Edward had arrived, when in reality he was with the Queen in Scotland. He is said to be a resident Parisian.

The Oyster and His Enemies

The oyster has a great many difficulties to encounter. One of his worst enemies is the "five-finger," commonly called the star-fish. The five-finger entwines the oyster in his deadly grasp, and by protruding his elastic stomach eats up the oyster, leaving the empty shells, known as "clocks." One would hardly imagine that the five-finger had any sense, but still they must have some kind of intelligence, or, as a dredgerman aptly put it to me: "When these five-fingers find a fleet of vessels on the top of them with the dredges, they double themselves up and are off. They are not going to stop to be all dredged up." The next worst enemy is the "whelk tingle" or "dog whelk." These rascals, although they look so innocent, have the power of boring into the oyster shell with their rasp-like tongue. The hole this creature makes is cut very clean, as if bored by a jeweler's diamond, and they often destroy hundreds of pounds worth of property. He who would invent a trap to catch these dog-whelks would indeed be a benefactor to oyster fishery proprietors. Periwinkles are friends to oysters; they are largely employed to keep the beds and the "culch" clean by eating up the slimy green weed that grows so abundantly, especially in hot weather. Mussels are no friends to oysters. A colony of mussels will, unknown to the proprietor of the oyster-bed, often settle upon the "spem gregis" of "half-ware," so carefully deposited, to grow and fat. The mussels immediately on settling down spin their curious, silk-like webs, as seen under piers, etc., by means of which they are enabled to anchor themselves so firmly. The run of the tide then brings mud, the webs of the mussels collect it, and the oysters underneath, unless released by the dredge, are smothered like the Princess in the Tower.

Moral and Religious Gems.

Hope is the blossom of happiness.

A man that is young in years may be old in honor, if he has lost no time.

God's favor must be sought in time, if we would enjoy it either in time or eternity.

There is no right faith in believing what is true unless we believe it because it is true.

Venture not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasures; the limits of good and evil join.—*Fuller.*

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

The direct and proper act of faith is of perpetual use and necessity, and then most when their is least of assurance.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be straight, it opens into endless life.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

There is no happiness in life there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home.

Go beneath the arched heavens in night's profoundest gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God!" Pronounce the dreadful blasphemy, and each star above you will reprove you for your darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night will bewilder your utter helplessness and despair. Is there no God? Who then unrolled the blue scroll, and threw open its bright frontispiece, the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned the green earth with perpetual rolling waters, and its lovely expanse of island and main? Who gave the eagle a stately eyrie when the tempests swell and beat strongest, and to the dove an abode amid the forests that ever echoes to the minstrels of her moan? Who made light pleasant to thee and darkness a covering and a herald of the first flash of morning? Who gave to thee that matchless symmetry of sinews and limbs; the irrepressible and daring of ambition, passion and love? And yet the thunders of heaven, and the waters of earth are chained. They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them.—*Extract.*

American Incomes.

There is no table of the average duration of fortunes; but the statistics of business failures in the country since 1866 show that the average *yearly* failures ranged from 1 in 163 in the year 1871, to 1 in 75 in 1876. How many business men in a thousand fail, once or more, during their business lifetime. I cannot learn. The proportion used to be estimated, for New England, at 97 per cent. That is probably too high a figure for the business of to-day, conducted as it is on much shorter credits than formerly. But the proportion of traders who fail is probably not lower than 75 per cent. of the whole number.

How many of our people live upon their invested means? In 1866 our income tax returns showed 771,000 incomes of $500 per year and over, and six million incomes of less than $500. But these were not incomes from capital; they were mostly earnings or wages. Probably not one in a hundred of these smaller incomes, and not over 10 per cent. of the incomes over $500, represented the interest upon investments. In France, ten years later, the census returned no less than two millions of people, *rentiers*, who live entirely upon their invested means. In 1877 seven and a half millions of the people—one-fifth of the population—were enrolled as rentes-holders or savings-banks depositors; but it must be added that the savings banks do not often fail in France, and that sooner or later they are apt to fail with us. Most of these deposits are small ones. But no less than two millions of the French can say with Petrarch *parva sed apia mihi:* "It is little enough, but it will do for me."

Thus, in spite of the resources of the country, in spite of the almost universal search for wealth, and in spite of the fact that we have a great many rich men at any given time, we still do not have a large class of permanently rich men; we do not even have, like the French, a large class of persons who have a permanent though small competence. The rich American's wealth is extremely volatile; in nine cases out of ten it is "fairly gold." The old land owners form the chief exception to the rule, especially in our large cities, where the increase of values has been great.

But if our class of permanently wealthy people is small, so also is our class of destitute people. We are fortunate in having few of the very rich or the very poor, in having no such immense and harmful inequality of fortunes as we see in modern England. Our ill fortune is this, that our class of moderate competences is also small, that so few of us, in spite of our opportunities and our labors, have seized the good of even a small assured competence. The land is full of people who have not, on the other hand, and who are not likely to have, any assured competence, however moderate, but who have nothing to expect but labor to the end. That is, indeed, the appointed human lot for the majority in any community; but need it be, in a country of resources like this, so nearly the universal lot? Might not many of us avoid it by a greater care for a moderate competence, a lessoned ambition for fortunes?

The Humor of Washington Irving.

The humor of Irving has made itself familiar to most educated people, even to those who may never have happened to read his books. Some of it has entered into the language, and in general its validity has reached that state where it is as secure from question, in its own degree, as that of Cervantes or of Fielding. Yet at the best it is little more than an easy and genial sort of playfulness, slyly smiling at things which pompous conventionality delighted to honor. All humor mainly depends upon a persistent tendency in the human race toward emptiness, purblindness, and silliness—qualities not peculiar to any special class of persons, but common, at certain times, and in certain relations, at all. The humor consists in subjecting the fantasies and figments of our vanity and dullness to the sane light of simple good sense; and the quality of the humor is determined by the manner in which this is done. In Irving's case it is a gentle and amiable process; we hear a subdued chuckle, and the swollen balloon of our self-importance imperceptibly collapses. Swift, on the other hand, employed a far more stringent and violent method, which it has become the custom to distinguish under the name of "satire;" it is humor in a bad humor, but the essential principle is the same. Between these two extreme exponents the whole world of humorous treatment lies. Most humor has the same general object—the abatement of folly; and it is here that the main difference is to be found between humor and wit, the latter having no constant object in view, but only the anomalous one of epigrammatically exposing real or fanciful incongruities. This distinction does not, of course, stand in the way of humor's being witty upon occasion.

How a Married Woman Goes to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled "How Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says Jim.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and lock it, for I heard some person in the back yard last night."

Accordingly, James paddles down stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to get into bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," said James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the bedroom."

"Let her come up then," says James ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no," returns the wife. "She'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down the stairs again, and steps on a tack and closes the stair door, and curses the cat and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James with a muttered curse goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair and rakes all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes up stairs and prepares himself to retire. Before accomplishing this feat his wife suddenly remembers that she forgot to chain the dog. A trip to the kennel follows, and he once more plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay, and I don't care," shouts James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very good for you," says his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there's Araminta, who I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly; but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she punches him in the side with her elbow and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"What Jones?"

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquired James.

"I declare," says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No 21? Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps herself up in them, and lays awake until 2 A. M., thinking how badly used she is.

And that is the way a married woman goes to sleep.

Luxury on Wheels.

There has recently been built at a factory in Bohemia a pair of palace cars for a Russian railroad officer that seem to deserve the name. They are on trucks, like American cars, and about 53 feet long, with entrances at the ends. (The cars belong together.) One has a kitchen, with sleeping accommodations for the cook, a buffet room finished in carved ebony and supplied with elegant table ware, and finally a dining room finished in beautiful woods, with antique carved chairs for twelve persons, an elegant extension table, and lighted with a central chandelier bearing twenty-five wax candles, besides four other lights. Berths can be made up in this room also. In the connecting car is a bath room provided with hot and cold water, a Field boiler heating the water for this and for warming the car also. There is a passage along the side of the car from which open in order a nursery, a music room, a bed room and an office room, all connected by an annunciator and speaking tubes with the servants' quarters. In the nursery is a child's bed, with drawers underneath for linen, and a berth opposite for the nurse, with a closet at one end. The music room is reported to be fairy-like in its beauty, with purple carpets, curtains and arm chair, with an ebony piano on one side and on the other an elegant fireplace in the French style, in which in winter a cheerful fire adds to the steam heat which warms the other rooms of the car. There is also in this room a carved wardrobe carrying a chronometer, a round table of ebony and a chandelier, while the ceiling is hung in white satin gathered in the centre with a golden rosette. The bed room is hung with dark-blue damask, and the bed on the gilt French bedstead is covered with sky-blue satin and shaded by a canopy held up by gilt hooks. The velvet carpet and the chairs correspond. The curtains are bordered with fine lace (what a chance for sparks and cinders). The walls as high as the bed are hung with dark blue velvet. This bed room opens into a toilet room provided with every convenience, including a water closet. The office has a dark carpet and hangings, and is provided with a simple walnut cylinder desk. Noise is reduced by thick carpet and hangings. Adjoining is a little room with a sofa and a mirror in a carved oak frame over one end, so arranged that when the car is at the end of the train one may lie on the sofa and see in the mirror the reflection of the country which the train has just passed.

The Washington Hotel proprietor are looking forward to a brilliant and profitable season. Applications for rooms are, they say, being made from all parts of the country.

Mr. Allen G. Campbell, who is a candidate for delegate to Congress from Utah, has written an address to the women of the Territory soliciting their votes. He urges that by voting for him they can at once abolish polygamy.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1880.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

Ten Cents a Month till End of Year.

The PRESS entered its twenty-eighth(28th) volume on January 1st, 1880.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1. 1880.

—Extremely cold weather and deep snows in England, and the Northern and Western portion of this country.

—Arrests are being made in South Carolina for alleged frauds in the late elections.

—We can recommend the NEW YORK OBSERVER to our readers as a family paper that is full of good and useful reading. It has both religious and secular news, and a foreign correspondence which is entertaining and valuable. Any one can get a sample copy by sending to the NEW YORK OBSERVER, 37 Park Row, New York.

The Congressional Vote.

The following are the majorities of the two candidates for Congress in this district:

ARMFIELD'S MAJORITIES:	
Alexander	409
Alleghany	222
Forsyth	24
Iredell	626
Rowan	625
Surry	387
Watauga	130
	2423
PURCHES' MAJORITIES:	
Ashe	5
Davie	71
Wilkes	129
Yadkin	174
	479
Armfield's majority	1944

Official Vote of North Carolina for Presidential Electors.

The State Board of Canvassers completed the canvass of the vote for Electors of President and Vice President, and the following is the result of their labors:

STATE AT LARGE.	
F H Busbee, Dem.,	124,204
O H Dockery, Rep.,	115,616
Busbee's majority,	8,588
James M Leach, Dem.,	123,730
George B Everitt, Rep.,	115,524
Leach's majority,	8,206
Frank T Koonce, Green.,	1,126
Henry R Davis, Green.,	1,126
CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.	
First District—	
Thos B Jernigan, D.,	125,198
John D Respass, R.,	115,491
G W Wharton, G.,	1,133
Second District—	
H R Bryan, D.,	124,188
W S O'B Robinson, R.,	115,878
J O Gardner, G.,	1,134
Third District—	
D H McLean, D.,	124,149
S W Watts, R.,	115,427
F M Wooten, G.,	1 122
Fourth District—	
W F Green, D.,	124,194
C L Harris, R.,	104,020
W G Albright, G.,	1,117
Fifth District—	
F C Robbins, D.,	124,160
C A Reynolds, R.,	101,194
C G Lee, G.,	1,134
Sixth District—	
D A Covington, D.,	124,193
G W Patterson, R.,	115,620
J P Jenkins, G.,	1,118
Seventh District—	
T F Kluttz, D.,	124,193
J G Ramsay, R.,	115,675
M I Grogan, G.,	1,121
Eighth district—	
J M Gudger, D.,	124,187
W R Trull, R.,	115,696
J M Davis, G.,	1,066

Hancock's majority over Garfield is 8,588; his plurality over Republicans and Greenbackers is 7,640.

Some scattering votes were cast for Electors as follows:

W A Smith,	12 320
John W Hardin,	15,095
J M Davis,	55

The Board will meet, as required by law, on November 25th, and canvas the vote for State officers.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—The November number of this justly popular farm journal contains a compact and well arranged collection of useful and interesting reading matter for the farmer and his household, all the articles being from acknowledged competent and successful men and women. No department of farm work is neglected,—published by Saml. Sands & Sons, Baltimore, at $1,50 a year, or at $1 each to clubs of five or more; and to every new subscriber the last three numbers for 1880 will be sent *free*.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR DECEMBER closes the one hundred and first volume. We have noted its course through this year, and are free to say that its present publishers have more than maintained its high reputation, and have certainly fulfilled every promise they made in their propectus at the beginning of the year. The literary matter is first class; the steel plates are excellent, and the pattern work alone worth more than the price of a single number. Its low price, $2 per annum postpaid, places it within the reach of all. We will receive subscriptions at this office, and furnish the Lady's Book and *People's Press* for one year, postpaid, for only $3. This is an excellent time to subscribe. We learn that the Lady's Book in 1881 will contain a complete novel in every number, and all the old departments will be preserved, thus making every issue complete in itself.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1881.

500 For England, 100,000 For America.]

St. Nicholas, the charming magazine for boys and girls, edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, has increased so much in size and number of pages during the past year that the publishers have been obliged to issue the yearly volume in two parts, instead of one as heretofore. As to its circulation, they report a gain of 10,00 in the average monthly editions of 1880 over 1879. The announcements for the coming year include a capital serial story for boys, full of exciting adventure, "In Nature's Wonderland," or, Adventures in the American Tropics; Stories of Art and Artists, by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, a faithful outline of the history of European Art, with many illustrations; "Phaeton Rogers," a delightful and humorous serial by Rossiter Johnson; "Mystery in a Mansion," a six months' serial; The Treasure-Box of Literature, directing and encouraging young people in the best reading; The Agassiz Association, fully explained in the November number; "Two English Queens," by Mrs. Oliphant, "The Land of Nod," a children's operatta, with music—full of charming tableaux and effects; A series of beautiful illustrated Ballads for Young Folks, beginning with the Christmas number; a Special Budget of Fairy Stories by Frank R. Stockton—the first of which is in the November number; An Indian Story by "Bright Eyes," the Ponca Indian maden; a splendid holiday story, "A Christmas with the Man in the Moon," by Washington Gladden. Open-air Papers, stories of sport, and games, will be continued, with all the popular departments.

Subscription beginning with the November issue will include "the wonderful Christmas number," of which the edition will be 5,000 in England and 100,000 in America. The price of this number, to be issued about November 30th, will be 30 cents.

Regular price $3 a year; 25 cents a number. For sale, and subscriptions received, by all dealers, or the publishers, Scribner & Co. 743 Broadway New York.

—Vennor and Tice have both made predictions concerning snows this winter. Their letters are in reply to inquiries which come from a firm of sleigh builders in Leavenworth, Kansas. On the 10th of November, Professor Vennor wrote from Montreal:

"I expect December (latter part), January and March will give us most snow, December and January the greatest cold. Febuary looks warm, and snow may rapidly disappear during that month. An early spring. Ice crop good." On the 7th of October he wrote from St. Lauveur Des Montagues, Province of Quebec: "I expect tremendous snow falls as far to the southwest as Washington, D. C., and westward beyond Chicago, towards the end of December and New Year, and again in proximity to the 8th and 9th of January."

Professor Tice wrote from St. Louis, October 21st: "Since the current is the commencement of more than unusual disturbance, which will not attain its maximum until the end of 1882, therefore my opinion is that the coming winter will be characterized by great and sudden changes in atmospheric pressure, and consequently by heavy pecipitation—that is, heavy rains in the South and heavy snows in the North, with general extreme low temperature."

—Mr. Waggoner, Democrat, was elected Sheriff of Rowan county, by only 12 votes over David L. Bringle, Republican, at present Postmaster of Salisbury. The running of two Democrats for the office, Bingham and Waggoner, came very near putting a Republican into the office. Bringle has consulted W. H. Bailey, Esq., in regard to contesting the election.

The question will probably be raised in this and other cases, can a man who holds a Federal office (Postmaster for instance) serve in a State office of any sort, either as county officer or member of the Legislature to which he is elected before resigning his Federal office. In order to make a man eligible to a County office, or as a member of the Legislature, should he not resign his Federal office previous to the late State elections?

—Gov. Williams, of Indiana, familiarly known as Blue Jeans Williams, died on the 20th, after a protracted illness, which, for sometime, it had been feared would prove fatal. It has been said that he was a most excellent man in all the relations of life, and no less esteemed for his virtues than admired for his talents. His *soubriquet* was due to the absence of all display in the matter of dress, and while we are apt to regard a variation from custom in such matters as savory of affectation, yet in his case, it is said, it was entirely in keeping with the salient points of his character. He had long been a leading Democrat in Indiana, and his loss will doubtless be severely felt among our friends in that State.

Fastest Time, 2-11.

No horse has ever made fast enough time but what will be liable to be beaten sometime, for Kendall's Spavin Cure, is sure to limber up the joints and leave thousands of spavined horses as sound and limber as a colt, and it has been used with such remarkable results for every kind of blemish or lameness on beast or man, that every person owning a horse with stiff joints or any blemish, should use it. Read the advertisement for Kendall's Spavin Cure.

LONDON, November 10.—Later particulars from Agram, in Croatia, concerning the earthquake felt throughout Southern Austria recently, state that two hundred houses and two churches were irreparably damaged. Part of the cathedral must be rebuilt. The palace and country seat of the Cardinal Archbishop, the government school and a cigar manufactory were half destroyed. Buildings within a radius of 14 miles were terribly damaged.

EVERY FAMILY, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, In City Village, and Country, will find it highly useful to constantly read the *American Agriculturist*. It abounds in *plain, practical, reliable* information, most valuable for In-door as well as Out-door work and comfort, and its 800 to 1,000 Original Engravings in every volume are both pleasing and instructive. In this respect it is pre-eminent and stands alone, and it should have a place in every Household, no matter how many journals are taken. Its illustrated Department for Youth and Children contains much information as well as amusement. Its Humbug exposures are invaluable to all classes. The cost is very low, only $1,50 from now to the end of 1881, or four copies for $5. Single numbers, 15 cents. One specimen, 6 cents. Take our advice and subscribe *now* for volume 40 (1881.) Orange Judd Company, Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York.

ARE WE REACHING TOO FAR?—The Springfield *Republican* utters a note of warning. It says: The country is getting to the end of the rope very fast. Three trans-continental lines are building; two more under way; three separate lines are seeking Mexican connections; a great network of roads is being extended west of the 100th meridian; and in the northwest, railroad wars and rumors of wars are multiplying; numberless companies are forming for the development of all sorts of enterprises from the Artic circle to Buenos Ayres; American capital is embarked in the coal and iron of Russia the oil of the Caspian and the development of Mexico; defalcations are thickening; the old familiar rumors of schemes to tighten the money market by locking up gold or currency have returned; and New York, and all New Yorkers say, never has known a season which opened so prosperously or in which expenditure promised to be so lavish. The end may be, probably is, distant; but there is an end even to the resources of a nation which feeds the world with its wheat, lights it with its oil, grows the cotton to clothe it, and produces its own coal and iron.

—One of the strongest points in English farming was lately emphasized as follows by Prof. Roberts, of Cornell University:

"Herein," says he, "I am satisfied, lies the secret of England's success in raising larger crops. It would take away the breath of a prairie farmer to even an Englishman's enumeration of the 'spuddings,' the 'grubbings,' the 'twitchings,' the harrowings, the cross-harrowings, the rollings and crushing that a heavy clay field is subjected to before it is considered ready for wheat.

"What is this all for? Simply to unlock the full storehouse of nature. That it is full has been proven time and again. By actual analysis it is found that an average soil contains in the first six inches plant food enough for from fifty to one hundred and fifty full crops of grain. I do not desire to discourage the purchase and use of fertilizers, but what I do protest against is purchasing on time commercial manures at forty dollars per ton, which are really worth only twenty-five, to enrich cloddy fields already fairly rich in plant food, locked up, it is true, but there, none the less, only awaiting a little judicious application of brain and muscle to set it free.

"If these hastily jotted facts and impressions are the means of inducing my fellow farmers to remove some of the useless trees and fences, or to give the fields an additional cross harrowing or two before casting in the seed, and asking the Lord to bless the labor of their hands, my object would have been attained."

A CAUTION ABOUT SHOT IN GAME.—The London *Lancet* publishes the following: This being the season when game killed by shot, probably containing the pellets, is eaten, it may be worth while to caution those who consume the flesh of birds with avidity that the proportion of instances in which shot is found is probably small in comparison with the number of cases in which the pellets are unwittingly swallowed. It is a matter of speculation how much mischief a shot may do when it is passed into the intestines, but the fact that anomalous diseases have been set up by the presence of very small bottles which have been entangled in folds of the mucous membrane renders it desirable to put the public on their gaurd. Occasionally the most disastrous results have followed such small causes. We have in recollection the cases of a physician who died after prolonged and unexplained sufferings from the impaction of a very small nail which had found its way into a pudding and was inadvertently swallowed. A little care will avoid this contingency; but, remembering that the bird had been shot, some pains ought certainly to be taken to avoid swallowing the missile.

—REMARKABLE CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says: "The night of the recent fire at North Turner Bridge, Mrs. Albert Winship aroused Mr. Winship and cried: "Husband, Mr. Starbird's house is on fire! Hurry up!" He did so, dressed on the double quick, and with pails ran to the fire and did valiant service in saving surrounding buildings. When the fire had burned down he quietly went to bed. On Sunday morning he rubbed his eyes and said to his wife: 'I feel dreadfully. I am lame and feel completely exhausted.' 'Well you may,' says the wife, 'after working so hard at the fire last night.' 'What do you mean? said Mr. Winship. 'Why, the Starbird house was burned last night and you worked like a hero, saving the other buildings.' Mr. Winship looked dazed for a moment, then took his hat and looked over the premises and came back. 'Well, Marcia, the buildings are surely gone, but I never would have believed even you, when you say that I went to that fire, if they were not gone. I don't know a thing about it.' He had been through all the excitement in a state of somnambulism, without being awakened."

—Charles S. Fisher, a young Republican lawyer, and apparently in good standing, has been arrested in Cincinnatti on the charge of ballot stuffing during the recent election in that city. The evidence is conclusive that he caused fourteen Republican ballots to be counted which were never cast. We lately said that it seemed as if the Republicans had been allowed two ballots a piece at the North; but if some of them got in, fourteen votes as Fisher did, that explains the matter satisfactorily, and we need not go any further.

About the Presidential Election.

Raleigh News-Observer, Nov. 18.

* * * The real election of President doesn't take place until the first Wednesday in December, which happens to be on the 1st prox. On that day the electors chosen on the 2nd of November will meet and vote for a person to be President. In the meantime, the canvassing board now in session is to ascertain who are to compose our electoral college, and the Governor is to issue their certificates. They will then assemble here on the 1st of December, and in each State there will in like manner, on that day, be assembled all the electors chosen in the States respectively, and we cannot know officially who is the President elect until the result of their voting has been carried to Washington and opened in the presence of both Houses of Congress by the President.

The intention of the framers of the constitution was that the electors should vote according to their discretion; but that is now a mere fiction. They vote for their party leaders. Custom and the implied understanding that the votes shall be given to the nominated candidates of the parties respectively render it imperative for the votes to be so cast.

In 1872, Greeley died prior to the day when the electoral colleges assembled, and the votes intended for him were given to others. In that case it made no difference, because Greely had been defeated in November, but had he been chosen at the polls, the Democratic members would have been obliged to elect a President according to their discretion as the constitution contemplates. So speaking technically, the Presidential election is still to come off. As yet we have only taken one step in the matter; but that step, unfortunately, has proved to be decisive, and Garfield is the man.

The Democratic Opportunity.

From the Galveston (Texas) News, dem.

Let us not deceive ourselves with delicate and evasive phrases. It may sound very well to talk about appealing to congress to make an exhaustive canvass of votes behind the certified returns in order to prevent the triumph of fraud. As the case actually stands, howeve, it would require a successful revolution to prevent the inauguration and continued Presidency of Garfield. Let the Democratic leaders not misunderstand the situation. Are they prepared to resort to the desperate chance of a trial of force? If they are the people are not. The country objects to any counsels and any proceedings that may imperil its peace and threaten disorder in the government. Yet those who control the organization of the democratic party have an opportunity to confer an invaluable service upon the country by one final act of patriotic self-sacrifice. They have it in their power to work the dissolution of the Republican party, whose rule, they say, is sapping the life of the Republic, by simply disbanding their own organization. The Democratic organization, in its relation to the Republican party, has been happily compared by a Northern Democratic contemporary to a set of hoops on a rotten barrel. Strike off the hoops and the barrel will fall to pieces. Democratic provocation serves as the reason of the Republican party's being, and not a means of its defeat. Take away the provocation and the reason and the Republican party would be disintegrated by force of its internal corruptions and inherent antagonisms.

Garfield's Opportunity.

Philadelphia Times.

If General Garfield, on his accession to the Presidency, shall address himself to the task of bringing the best elements of the South into pleasant relations with his administration, there is everything to indicate that he will be met more than half way. He should be careful, however, to avoid the mistakes of his predecessors, Grant and Hayes. Each of these took hold of the problem in a wrong way, although each had a different way. General Grant dealt with a set of characterless adventurers who mustered only the riff-raff of the South in the name of Southern Republicanism, and this criminal blunder, with the bayonet rule necessary to keep up the sham under which the people were robbed, gave Congress into the hands of the Democrats. President Hayes was less culpable, except in the payment of his returning board debts, but no more successful. His idea was to form a respectable Republican party in the South by feeding that section generally with the fine words that butter no parsnips and filling the Federal offices with the fossil remains of the old Whig party. The experiment began with calling inoffensive Mr. Key into the cabinet and never got much further than pensioning poor old Gov. Foote in the New Orleans Mint. It was a breathing on dry bones, but the breath was feeble and the bones were very few as well as very dry, and so there was no miracle. The scheme contemplated by the lamented Lincoln, urged in public by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and gently nursed by Vice-President Wilson, under which really representative men of the South, exceptional only in their liberalism and breadth of political view, should be tendered the olive branch by the Republican North, is at hand for General Garfield's consideration, and if it is carried out its success will be the tall feather in the cap of the administration. His congressional experience, involving intimate association with the best men sent to Washington by the South, ought to suggest the means and the men for this work. No Southern State is unrepresented in one branch of Congress or the other by a man or men whom President Garfield may on depend for cooperation in warfare upon sectionalism without the sacrifice of principle. But they are not the men to dicker for patronage.

—The last quarterly report of the Bureau of Statistics gives tables of our foreign trade for the years 1879 and 1880, each ending the 30th of June. The total trade for 1879 was $1,145,316,517; for 1880 $1,491,901,090, the increase being about 30 per cent. Among our exports we note the following items as of interest to our readers: In 1879 we sent abroad 136,720 horned cattle, and in 1880 we sent 182,756, whose increased value is given at $5,000,000. In 1879 we sent abroad over 54,000,000 pounds of fresh meats, valued at $4,883,080. In 1880 we shipped about 85,000 pounds, valued at $7,441,918. The value of wheat sent abroad was $191,600,000, flour $35,000,000, Indian corn $53,000,000, cotton $162,000,000.

—The many friends of Col. John H. Wheeler will regret to learn that he is in declining health. Mr. Cicero Harris, writing for the Goldsboro *Messenger*, says: That sterling old North Carolinian, who loves the State as he loves his wife and children, Col. John H. Wheeler, the historian, is in declining health. I am sorry to say he suffers much from his eyes, the pain having been superinduced by overstrain on the sketch of Gen. Grimes, recently published in the *South Atlantic*. This no doubt effects his general health, which has not been good for several weeks. It will be gratifying to his many friends and admirers to learn that Col. Wheeler's new work, "The Leading Men of North Carolina," is ready for the printer.

An Italian named Charles E. Anchisi, of genteel appearance and excellent address, who falsely represents himself as being connected with the service division of the treasury department, is now traveling in the South, and by means of forged drafts on New York and the use of stolen and altered registered bonds is swindling persons out of large sums of money. Chief Brooks, of the secret service, says he should be arrested wherever found and committed as a vagrant until some of his numerous victims have an opportunity to institute proceedings for his extradition and punishment.

Anchisi was in Greensboro some days ago; and he tried to make a raise at the National Bank; but he failed to do so. —*Patriot.*

—Robert the Devil, the great horse of the English racing season which has just closed, has won first and last 20,826 guineas in stakes. He belonged solely to Mr. Brewer down to his two-year-old year, when his trainer, Mr. Blanton, gave 2,500 guineas for half. Perhaps the most fortunate thing for them, in a monetary point of view, was the loss of the Derby, as it enabled them to get good prices about him for both the St. Leger and Czarewitch. He has won for them in bets £50,000, making his winnings in all for the season over $350,000. Nevertheless, the horse, when put up for auction at a reserved price of £12,000, ($60,000) found no bidder.

—On November 1 the stimated amount of gold and silver coin and bullion in the United States was as follows: Gold $454,012,030; silver $158,271,327; total gold and silver $612,283,357.

—Dr. Casper recommends 'Kendall's Spavin Cure' in the highest terms and thousands of eminent physicians do the same.

The best liniment for human flesh is Kendall's Spavin Cure. See Advertisement.

A. N. ZEVELY,

ON F. STREET,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Late Assistant Postmaster-General.)

Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections, etc.

"No lady should be without it."—*Shippensburg, (Pa.) Chronicle.*

CHEAPEST AND BEST

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Full-Size Paper Patterns.

A SUPPLEMENT will be given in every number for 1881, containing a full-size pattern for a lady's, or child's dress. Every Subscriber will receive, during the year, 12 of these patterns, worth more, alone, than the subscription price.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the *best and cheapest* of the lady's books. It gives more for the money, and combines greater merit, than any other. In short it has the

Best Steel Engravings,
Best Colored Fashions,
Best Dress Patterns,
Best Original Stories,
Best Work-Table Patterns,
Best Music, etc., etc.

Its immense circulation and long established reputation enables its proprietor to distance all competition. In 1880, a New Feature was introduced, which will be improved on in 1881, being a series of

Splendidly Illustrated Articles.

The stories, novelets, &c. in "Peterson" are admitted to be the best published. *All the most popular female writers* contribute to it. In 1881, about 190 original stories will be given, and in addition SIX COPYRIGHT NOVELETS, by Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Jane G. Austin, Mary V. Spencer, Sidney Trevor, and that inimitable humorist, the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife." The

COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATES

in "Peterson" are ahead of all others. The plates are engraved on steele, TWICE THE USUAL SIZE, and are unequalled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, Household and other receipts; articles on Art Embroidery, Flower Culture; in short everything interesting to ladies.

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FARMER'S AND PLANTER'S

ALMANAC

FOR 1881,

Containing the usual astronomical calculations, Agricultural reading, Tales, Humorous Sketches, lots of Anecdotes, Courts of N. Carolina, South-western Virginia, South Carolina, Census of North Carolina and abstract of the United States Census as far as received, with estimated totals.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Oct 7, 1880.

—Don't forget, the Salem Bookstore is the best place to get *good books* cheap.

AT GREENSBORO, TUESDAY, NOV. 30.

THE

W. C. COUP

NEW UNITED

Monster Shows!

ELEVEN GREAT SHOWS IN ONE!

The Largest Show ever in the South!

The $100,000 Stud of BRONCHO HORSES!

A grand Exemplification of Brute Intelligence and Training.

The New York Aquarium!

With its Myriads of OCEANIC WONDERS, for the first time with a Tented Exhibition.

FREYER'S NEW PONY CIRCUS!

A Revelation in the Trainer's art. The most ASTOUNDING TRICKS are performed by these Quadrupeds in Miniature.

ROYAL JAPANESE CIRCUS!

The Mikado's Favorite Artists, and ONLY TROUPE of Japanese performers ever allowed to leave Japan.

Melville's Australian Circus!

Colvin's Mammoth Managerie!

JAPANESE ART GALLERY!

Wood's Museum from New York City!

STONE'S GREAT INDIAN SHOW!

A tribe of eleven genuine sons and daughters of the Far West. Their performances are of the most interesting character.

The $10,000 TROUPE of EDUCATED DOGS!

The only Dogs in the world who form themselves into a Dog Court and Jury, that try, convict, then hang a Dog for stealing, and after the hanging form in procession and bury the thief.

THE GIANT DEVIL FISH

The most perfect specimen of the Monster Squid ever captured, being 30½ feet long with tentacles spread.

Our $30,000 Electric Illuminator

Surpassing Heaven's own light, the brilliant Sun. Old Sol eclipsed by this modern inventor. The most perfect light ever vouchsafed to man.

JUST ADDED,

A PAIR OF RIVER HORSES,

Or Hippopotami, from the River Nile. Huge Mountains of Blood-Sweating Quivering Flesh.

GRAND FREE NOVELTY PARADE,

EVERY MORNING at 10 o'clock, heralded by the Mightiest Pageant earth has ever seen, giving overshadowed evidence of the vast resources of this Tented Giant.

PRICES OF ADMISSION AS USUAL.

Railroad Excursions will run from all points at greatly reduced rates of fare. See R. R. Agent.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW

Fall and Winter Goods, 1880.

Hinshaw Brothers,

(Big Star Sign, Shallow Ford Street,)

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, General Merchandise, Guano,

Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

ONE of our firm has just returned from New York, Boston and other Northern cities and we now offer the trade a much larger stock than we ever before had, consisting in part of

20	Cases of Prints,	40	Pieces Oil Cloth,		Cross Cut Hand & Wood Saws
5	" of Dress Goods,	50	Bags Coffee,		3,000 lbs. Sole Leather.
5	" of Bleached Domestic,	25	Barrels Sugar,		500 lbs. Upper Leather.
		25	Cheese,		Files, Locks, Hinges, Butts, Screws,
2	" of Flannel,	25	Buckets Candy,		
2	" of Linsey,	30	Boxes Soap,		Hames, Traces and Collars,
5	Bales Blankets and Quilts,	50	Barrels Syrups,		2,000 lbs Pots, Skillets, Ovens and Lids.
3	" Ticking,	20	Grosses Snuff,		
2	" Drilling,		Tinware of every description		20,000 lbs. Meat and Lard.
10	" Plaids,		Big stock Paints & Medicines		1,000 Bags Salt,
2)	" Sheeting,	25	Cases Hats,		500 Bushels Clover, Orchard and other Grass Seeds.
15	Cases Jeans, Cassimeres & Cloth,	200	" Shoes and Boots,		
		40	Pkg.s Crockery and Glassware,		40 doz. Buckets and Tubs.
20	doz. Mens' white Shirts and Drawers,	100	Kegs Cut Nails.		30 " Brooms,
		20	" Horse & Mule Shoes,		30 Coils Rope,
15	" Mens' and Ladies' Merino Shirts and Drawers,	25	Boxes Horse Shoe Nails.		200 Oak Kegs,
		15	doz. Shovels. Spades and Forks,		5 Barrels Coal Oil,
				2	" Linseed Oil,
500	Shawls and Ladies' Cloaks	20			2,000 lbs Lewis' White Lead,
	Immense Stock of Notions of all kinds.	15	dozen Axes,		250 Trunks, Valises & Satchels.
		2,000	doz. Coats' Spool Cotton	65	Grindstones & fixtures.

School Books, Blank Books and Stationery.

1,000 Pairs Winchester, Va., SHOES and BOOTS. All warranted. None better. Complete assortment of FRIES' JEANS, GEORGIA JEANS and Holston Woolen Mills. ALL WOOL CASSIMERES. All sold at FACTORY PRICES. Our stock of ALPACAS and DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS is very large. We have recently added a

Clothing Department

TO OUR STOCK, AND NOW OFFER AN ENTIRE NEW LINE OF

Over Coats and 200 Suits for Men & Boys,

at bottom prices. We will sell our clothing as low as we can afford and have only one price for it. Our goods are bought right and will be

SOLD AT A SMALL PROFIT.

We defy competition in both stock and prices. Country merchants will find our

Wholesale Department Unequalled.

Our trade has increased more rapidly than that of any other house in Winston and we intend to keep it growing. We are thankful for past patronage and ask everybody to come and see us.

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR BRAND"

Complete Manures are the best for Wheat, Corn & Tobacco.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth,
THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston
J. W. MARTIN, of Davie,
W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes,
E. F. WALL, of Surry,

Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them.

Respectfully,

1880. HINSHAW BROTHERS.

NOTION & VARIETY STORE,

SALEM, N. C

REMOVED TO THE BELO BUILDING.

LADIES:

Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and have the pleasure of inviting your attention to

AN ATTRACTIVE SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

at prices surprisingly cheap.

A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, so much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

Newest Styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.

A full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Shetland Wools always on hand.

Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.

We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware, suitable for Christmas and Birthday Presents, consisting of Toilet Setts, Vases, Card Stands, &c.

Those at a distance will be repaid by a visit to our Store.

In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, that is winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

Respectfully,

April 1880 J. BLICKENDERFER

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

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J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,

Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the PRESS office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

☞ Persons who wish to pay their subscription in wood, will please bring it along as soon as possible, while the weather is favorable and the roads good.

—This Thursday, is "Thanksgiving Day." Services will be held in the churches, in the morning, and business will be at least partially suspended during the day.

—Rain, hail, sleet and sunshine made up the day on last Saturday.

—Wm. Paine has sold his place in this county to Lewis Fishel.

—Cicero Lumley slaughtered a hog on Wednesday, of last week, weighing 344 pounds.

—At the Winston Light Infantry Fair, held last week, the Company cleared about $300.

—A portion of the "Sisters' house" is having a new roof put on. A little late in the season for such work.

—Rev. Samuel Long was stricken with paralysis on Thursday last. At last accounts he was doing tolerably well.

—Capt. J. R. Vogler celebrated his 50th birthday on last Saturday. At night the cornets treated him to some of their choice airs.

GOOD CHEAP BOOKS.—We offer a select lot of good Miscellaneous Books at greatly reduced prices. Salem Bookstore.

—A lot of eleven fine hogs were butchered at the Academy on Wednesday of last week, the heaviest weighing 433 pounds.

—Eug. A. Boner has kindly presented us with a lot of plump and excellent tomatoes. We will eat them to-day, (Thanksgiving.)

—The ice men are fixing up their ponds, and judging from the cold weather we are having, it will not be long before a big freeze sets in.

—V. A. Wilson will preach at the Boys' Academy, in Winston, on next Saturday night at 6 o'clock, P. M., and on Sunday at 10 o'clock, A. M. All are invited.

—We learn that John Beasly, arrested on a charge of counterfeiting, was bound over for his appearance at the Federal Court.

LOTS. Three building lots in West Winston for sale. East Winston, and two in the Salem Book Store.

—John H. Zevely's 'possum dog, Ring, we believe can "tree" an "impossibility." The other day he went on a snake hunt and, cold as the weather was, he unearthed a snake and killed it.

—What next? A man coming down Main street on Monday evening and carrying a lighted lantern in each hand, actually fell over the corner-stone near Crosland's store.

—Fresh pork and fresh fish don't sell well together, consequently our fish dealer omitted having any denizens of the deep in the market on Saturday last.

—Mat Steward & Co. went hunting last Thursday and caught five rabbits. Mr. Stewart killed one with a stone while it was running at full speed.

—A few days ago Ad. Hege, while strolling about his place, started a wild turkey which he caught with the aid of his dog. The turkey, when dressed, weighed 17 pounds.

—The following persons, in Davidson county, have lost pork hogs within the last few days, viz: Randall Bodenhammer, 2; John Bodenhammer, 2; John Garrison, 2, and Daniel Reece, 1.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at the SALEM BOOK STORE.

—On Friday last, while out bird hunting, George Lambeth accidently shot John Griffith. About a dozen shot struck Mr. Griffith in his face and hands. No serious consequences.

—Mrs. Church and daughter, and Miss Helen Meller, of this place, visited Pfafftown on Sunday last, and were the guests of Mrs. Sallie Pfaff, who celebrated her 50th birthday on that day.

—Moses I. Stewart, who hangs his coat and hat on a peg in the *Beacon* office, at Greensboro, dropped in on us on Saturday last. Mose came up to distribute an advertiser of his getting up and to replenish his "sort box."

—W. J. Yates, Esq., editor of the Charlotte *Democrat*, one of the best and most prosperous papers in the State, paid our towns a business visit on Saturday the 13th inst., and expresses himself well pleased with this his first short visit.

—Our old friend, uncle Jake, of the the mill wagon, has been, on account of illness, unable to do the honors of the wagon for a couple of weeks. James Ham has been driving in his place. Hope the old man will soon be able to take his seat again, for we miss his familiar tooting on that horn.

—Mr. Bell and lady, from Michigan, were at the Salem Hotel for the past week, on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Yates. We noticed Mr. Yates and son, of the N. C. Midland R. R. survey, in town Sunday and Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Bell left for the Northern cities on Wednesday.

—Wesley Fishel, of this county, met with, what might have been, a very serious accident on Sunday evening last while returning home from Friedberg church, in company with a lady. They had safely reached the lady's home, and when Wesley departed for his home, the horse he was driving became somewhat restive, and in passing over a rough piece of road, he was thrown out of the conveyance and somewhat brused.

—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, Mass., will visit this place on December 17th, and give one of their splendid entertainments. This Club, it will be remembered, visited this place in May, 1879, and their performances gave general satisfaction.

SUPERIOR COURT.—Up to Tuesday, we learn, but little business of interest was transacted.

Dan Settle was tried for the larceny of tobacco from Mr. Hamlin, convicted and sentenced for five years to the penitentiary.

The negro Crews was convicted of an assault with attempt to commit rape on Mrs. Idol, but not sentenced at our latest.

—We regret to learn that Frank Semons, of Lynn, Mass., formerly a citizen of this place, met with an accident, recently, by which he had a hip and a knee broken. From what we can learn, it appears that Frank had ascended on an elevator to an upper story in the shoe factory where he was at work to get a box of shoes. While getting the box some one drew the elevator down, and Frank, after getting the box walked backwards dragging it with him to the elevator, and not seeing that it was gone stepped into the opening, falling down some thirty feet. At last accounts he was in a critical situation. He has the sympathy of a large number of friends here.

—Roll of Honor for Public colored School of Salem, for the week ending Nov. 19th, 1880.

L. S. Reed's School.—W. H. Mebane, Cliffton Hairston, Nelson Hairston.

Leah Dore's School.—Alice Spencer, James Ellis, John Blum.

—Wm. H. Pullen, Fowlerville, Mich., says: I have not rested better for months than I did last night. The "Only Lung Pad" has helped me wonderfully.—See Adv.

—Six U. S. prisoners, confined in the Greensboro jail, left Tuesday morning for the Albany, N. Y., penitentiary, under charge of U. S. Deputy Marshal, J. B. Gretter, and six other guards, says the *Patriot*.

THE CONCERTS.

The two concerts promised us by the Salem Philharmonic Society will be given **Wednesday and Thursday, December 8th and 9th.** The first concert will consist of Rossini's Stabat Mater, and be given in the SALEM ACADEMY CHAPEL. The second night we will be entertained with a miscellaneous programme composed of Solos, Duets and Choruses, in BROWN'S HALL, *Winston*.

The fact that the Society has been working very hard, practicing for these concerts, that the preparation and directorship is in charge of Prof. S. D'Anna, and also that the society has secured the services of a celebrated New York tenor singer for the occasion, should be a sufficient guarantee to our people that we may expect something *first class*. We hope the Society will be liberally patronized, as they certainly deserve to be.

Our towns are now being canvassed with subscription lists and tickets for the concerts; the prices for *reserved seats* to both concerts are 50 cents each. Reserved seats to single concert 75 cents, and general admission 50 cents to either.

The subscription list will be closed December 4th, and after that date tickets can be procured from J. Blickenderfer, Salem, and at Mr. Curtis' Bookstore, Winston, where can also be seen diagram of reserved seats.

—Chas. L. Rossiter, 195 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio, says: I would not take one thousand dollars for my Excelsior Kidney Pad, if I could not get another. I have gained in three months thirty pounds.—See Adv.

The Alleghany Bear Hunt.

It had been rumored for several weeks that "bear signs" were plenty among the laurel breaks of Bullhead Mountain in the county of Alleghany. The excitement ran high, as bear had been scarce in the region of "Nick's Cabin" for some years. The enthusiasm was as great in Wilkes County, and the young men were full of bear and brave talk, especially of Saturday afternoons, at the country stores, of the neighborhood. At last the 4th of November was agreed upon for the great hunt.

Long before sunrise, the hunter's horn and the deep bay of the dogs could be heard, and the sturdy nimrods congregated at Thompson's Store, and refreshed themselves with copious bumpers of the clever merchant's corn liquor (whisky.) After some delay the party set out amid prolonged cheers, for the "devil's thicket" in Bullhead Mountain. Only a few minutes elapsed, after their arrival before John Allen's dog opened, warning them that the game was out. The pursuit now became general, over logs and through laurel, and in a short time bruin was slain. The company then declared that as John Allen's dog had made the first attack on the bear, he, the said Allen, should have the honor of "toting the bear." The announcment was greeted with loud cheers. Hanks Halloway was appointed butcher, who, with his subordinate, Bill Brooks, took charge of the carcass, and soon disrobed it of its furry cloak. Notwithstanding, Sam Parks, the politician, rising and demanding an explanation, Hanks announced, with a sharp glance at the gentleman, that the bear was most ready to hang up. Loud cheers greeted this announcement. Everything was soon ready for dissecting, and now came the time to decide how to cut it up. The bear was laid upon a broad board, and as uncle Frank was the oldest, in spite of his remonstrances, he was called upon and decided that the bear should be cut up like a beef. All present now formed a line, to determine how many pieces were required, and one of the party, who "was the very soul of honor," was called upon to turn his back, while Hanks Holloway called out in true Railroad breaksman style, "whose piece shall this be?" The division was soon made and all seemed satisfied. Nay, not all, for there was Thompson and Woodruff, who had to attend a majistrate's court and so could not be in at the death. A good natured hunter offered to divide his shank with Mr. Thompson, an old hunter; but the generous offer was declined with the spirited remark "that he and McCann had appointed the hunt, and the boys had taken another day, and should leave it to the people and the *Press*, if it was altogether right to be left out of the hunt in that style. While this was going on some one of the boys was wondering what was in the bear's maw.

MOUNTAIN CORRESPONDENT.

[The PRESS advises its old friends to get up another hunt and kill a bigger bear, and show the boys how to do the fair thing.]

MARRIED.

In the Moravian church, in this place, on Tuesday evening, by Edward Rondthaler, D. D., Mr. FRANCIS H. FRIES and Miss LETTIE W. PATTERSON.

The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens and choice flowers. Two graceful gothic arches of living green sprang up in front of the reading desk, and from the apex of the smaller arch was suspended an exquisitely arranged floral bell, and above the monogram, F. P; beneath these emblems the ceremony was performed in Dr. Rondthaler's usual impressive manner. Four little girls bearing baskets of flowers, preceded the bride and groom. The music was given in Miss Lineback's best style and was in excellent taste. The church was thronged with the ladies and gentlemen of both towns, and the ceremony throughout was highly appropriate. Our best wishes attend the happy couple.

DIED.

SAMUEL BLACK, of this county, at an advanced age.

In Forsyth County, on the 12th inst., HATTIE ROSELLE, infant daughter of J. C. & M. E. Fleming. This little bud has been plucked by the cold hands of death, and carried to a brighter and more beautiful world than ours, there to bloom in sweetness forever. It was quite sad for the parents and family to part with little Hattie, yet they know she is with Jesus "who doth all things well."

The angels have called little Hattie above,
To that beautiful zion—the city of love,
She is singing now with that happy throng
Of dear little infants that before her have gone.

The W.C. New United Monster Shows.

Will exhibit at Greensboro on Tuesday November 30th.

The New Orleans *Times* speaks of it as being the best show ever in New Orleans, and says:

Coup's circus is justly entitled to the above distinctive claim. A better show has never been witnessed in these parts. Two splendid exhibitions were given yesterday, one at noon and the other at night, to delighted audiences. The proprietor and manager, Mr. W. C. Coup, who, by the way, is an exceedingly clever gentleman and pleasant show man, has spent a lifetime in the business, and none understands the art of congregating together circus material better than himself. He has brought his knowledge and ability into full play in this enterprise. The fullest expectations of the most sanguine are more than realized. Every advertised feature be it in the arena or in the managerie, is presented, which is quite different from the ordinary practice of shows visiting the South.

Everything is first-class about the show, and many of the features in the arena are new and novel The latter department under the direction of Mr. D. W. Stone, is of the highest order of excellence. From the grand entree to the wonderful performance of the Broncho horses there is not a feature presented but is alone worth the admission fee.

The feats of ground and lofty tumbling, the acrobatic feats of the Lenton brothers, Drayton's cannon ball act, and Miss Lotta Belmont's aerial performance on the trapeze, or each particularly fine.

The ease, grace and agility displayed by the Imperial Japenese troupe in their balances, jugglery and other acts, elicits the warmest commendation. A better performance of this kind has never been witnessed.

The premiere equestrienne, Miss Katie Stokes, has few equals as a lady bareback performer. Her darling feats of horsemanship stamp her as a first-class artist. This lady commands a princely salary, and is justly entitled to it. Miss Emma Stokes rides a very graceful melange act on a spirited animal.

Sam Watson is good in his trick somersault equestrian feats and bounding jockery act.

Prof. Freyer's command over dumb animals is marvelous, and excites the greatest wonderment. The feats of his dogs and goats, such as riding on horseback and jumping through balloons and over banners, is almost incredible. More startly still is the military drill of the Broncho horses.

In their marches, wheeling and evolutions these beautiful specimens of horse-flesh keep remarkably excellent alignment and precision. Like soldiers, the horses execute every movement at the word of command. They certainly surpass anything of the kind yet exhibited, and their performance alone is worth double the price of admission.

The performance concluded with an Indian act, illustrating scenes in savage life, by a band of Seminole and Comanche Indians—not wooden cigar sign Indians, but the genuine article.

The menagerie presents fine collections of animals and birds. Among them is a baby sea lion, the only one ever born in captivity. The hippopotamus and tapir are well worth seeing.

This portion of the show, like the circus, is first-class in every respect.

All in all, Coup has the best show ever seen in New Orleans, and is worthy of patonage.

25 CENTS for a Horse Farrier, at the Salem Book Store.

MULE COLT for sale. Enquire of John H. Zevely, or of E. J. Spaugh, at Friedberg store.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

THE PREMIUM LIST.—The *News and Observer* has commenced the publication of the award of premiums at the late State Fair. Thus far the premiums on field crops and samples, horses and mules, cattle, sheep and swine have been published.

From this section we find only the following:

Best specimen of flax, prepared, $5; Miss Sallie Butner, Salem.

Best single harness horse, $10; R. T. Steadman, Winston.

Seventh Premium, 200 pounds fertilizer; W. P. Dicks, Walkertown.

Best Durham cow, $10; Wm. G. Jackson, Greensboro.

Premiums are payable only upon the registered awards in the books of the department, and not upon the possession of premium cards. In some cases the judges have seen fit to divide the premiums.

—The Minnesota Insane Asylym was burnt last week and some twenty of its inmates are missing.

—The establishment of railway communication with Mexico is under consideration in New York.

—Coup's show is not coming here, the nearest point being Greensboro where it will be on the 30th.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the proscription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 10 to	$1 30
Wheat, (red) " "	1 00 to	1 10
Corn, per bushel,	45 to	50
Oats, " "	40 to	50
Rye, " "	80 to	0 90
Barley, per bush	75 to	25
Flour, per hundred	3 00 to	3 00
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	00 to	00
Peas, (white,) " "	00 to	00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to	00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to	00
Onion Setts, per bushel	00 to	00
Pork	0 to	00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	9 to	00
" Hams	10 to	12
Green Apples per bushel	50 to	75
Eggs, per dozen	12 to	12
Butter, per pound	15 to	20
Tallow, " "	6 to	0
Beeswax, " "	20 to	00
Flax Seed, per bushel	75 to	0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	50 to	00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	40 to	50
Cabbage, per pound	1½ to	2
Chickens, per dozen	1 50 to	2 00
Hay, per hundred	50 to	60
Fodder, per hundred bdls	00 to	00
Shucks, per hundred lbs	00 to	00
Blackberries	0 to	00
Whortleberries	0 to	00
Dried Cherries	0 to	00
Dried Apples	0 to	00

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.

Lugs, Common dark	3 50 to	5 00
" common bright	5 00 to	6 00
" good bright,	7 00 to	8 50
" fancy, bright,	12 00 to	18 00
Leaf Common dark,	5 00 to	6 00
" Good dark,	7 00 to	8 00
" Common bright;	6 00 to	7 50
" Good, "	10 00 to	12 50
Wrappers, Common bright,	12 00 to	15 00
" Good bright,	25 00 to	30 00
" Fine "	35 00 to	50 00
" Fancy,	50 00 to	75 00

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OR
INDIAN GUIDE TO HEALTH,
AS GIVEN BY
Richard Foreman, a Cherokee Doctor;

Comprising a brief view of Anatomy, with General Rules for Preserving Health without the use of Medicines.

The Diseases of the United States, with their Symptoms, Causes and Means of Prevention, are treated on in a satisfactory manner.

It also contains a description of a variety of Herbs and Roots, many of which are not explained in any other book, and their medical virtues have hitherto been unknown to the whites; to which is added a short dispensatory.

The above valuable Medical Work will be published this Fall, and will be sold for *two dollars* per copy, postpaid. As only a limited number of copies will be printed, those wishing the work will please send in their names, and the work will be forwarded promptly as soon as published.

The book will contain about 300 pages, and will be bound in a substantial style.

Address,
S. L. NICHOLS, Publisher,
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FOR 1880.

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TEN COPIES FOR	12 50

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IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Morning,
and has a circulation in the counties of Forsyth, Davidson, Davie, Yadkin, Surry, Stokes and Guilford, as well as a fair circulation in other parts of the State, and in the West, and Northwestern and Southwestern States among emigrated North Carolinians.

The publishers will endeavor, more than ever before, to make the PRESS

A First-class Newspaper.

The Miscellaneous Department
will receive careful attention, giving choice fireside reading and much general information.

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will be as complete and reliable as possible.

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will have a large share of attention.

The Farmer
will find our Agricultural Department as practical and useful as we can make it. We request all our friends to send us statements of the result of experiments with their crops and we will publish them for the benefit of our readers.

The Markets
will be given carefully corrected every week.

We earnestly request the co-operation of every *subscriber, friend* or *reader* of the paper in extending its circulation.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., April, 1880.

A. C. VOGLER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS OF
FURNITURE,
COFFINS,
CASKETS, &c.,
MAIN STREET,
SALEM, N. C.

I have a new HEARSE and am prepared to attend burials at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Undertaking in all its branches. A. C. V.
May 6, 1880.—18

—Call for free sample of Fine TEA at MONTAGUE & GRAY'S DRUG STORE.
FINE VIOLIN STRINGS, TRUSSES AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

CURE YOUR BACK ACHE

And all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs by wearing the

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It is a MARVEL of HEALING and RELIEF.

Simple, Sensible, Direct, Painless, Powerful.

It **CURES** where all else fails. A **REVELATION** and **REVOLUTION** in Medicine. Absorption or direct application, as opposed to unsatisfactory internal medicines. Send for our treatise on Kidney troubles, sent free. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, on receipt of price, **$2.**

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PRACTICAL
Marble-Worker
AND DEALER IN
MONUMENTS
AND
TOMBSTONES.
WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 16, 1880.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 45. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	3 50 a m	4 10 p m	.....
" Salisbury	6 01 a m	5 55 p m	.....
" High Point	7 30 a m	7 09 p m	.....
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	7 27 p m	.....
Leave Greensboro	8 20 a m	.....	5 00 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	10 32 a m	.....	10 22 p m
" Durham	11 02 a m	.....	11 07 a m
" Raleigh	12 20 p m	.....	8 00 a m
Leave	1 00 p m	9 00 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	3 00 p m	10 00 a m	.....

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 45.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 16, 1880.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 44. Daily.	No. 20. Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Goldsboro	10 10 a m	8 34 p m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 20 p m	10 45 p m	.....
" Durham	1 36 p m	.....	7 00 a m
" Hillsboro	4 44 p m	.....	9 19 a m
" Greensboro	5 38 p m	.....	11 07 a m
" "	7 40 p m	.....	2 45 p m
Leave	8 01 p m	6 31 a m	.....
Arrive High Point	9 30 p m	7 56 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 16 p m	9 18 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 27 a m	11 12 a m	.....

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west.

No. 42.—Connects at Air-Line Junc. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-East.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily except Sunday		8 30 p m
Arrive Kernersville	" "	10 00 p m
Arrive Salem	" "	10 50 p m
Leave Salem	" "	5 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	" "	6 40 p m
Arrive Greensboro	" "	7 00 p m

Connecting at Greensboro with Trains on R. & D. and N. C. Railroads.

Sleep'g Cars Without Change,
Run both ways with Trains Nos. 48 and 47, between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and between Greensboro and Augusta; and on Trains Nos. 42 and 45 between Boston and Savannah.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South, South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to points in Arkansas and Texas, address

J. R. MACMURDO,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va

PAY YOUR CORPORATION TAXES.

TAX PAYERS will please call on me and pay their Corporation Taxes. It is hoped that the taxes will be paid promptly in order that the interest as well as principal of indebtedness may be paid.

The taxes for this year are levied as follows: On the Poll, $1 20; Road Tax, $3.00; and 40 cents on $100 value of all property, solvents, &c

L. N. CLINARD, Sec. and Treas.
Salem, N. C., Sept. 22d, 1880.

Administrator's Notice.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as administrator, with will annexed, on the estate of the late Levin R. Brietz on the 30th day of October, 1880, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said Levin R. Brietz, to make immediate payment and settlement to me. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me, lawfully authenticated, on or before the 1st day of November, 1881, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

L. A. BRIETZ,
Adm'r with will annexed of Levin R. Brietz.
This 30th day of October, 1880.—44-4f.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as administrator of the late Cornelius Williams, on the 26th day of October, 1880—NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 30th day of October, 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK.
Public Adm'r of Forsyth County.
This 26th day of October, 1880.

Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as Executors of Solomon Mickey, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me, lawfully authenticated, on or before the 26th day of October 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery

J. E. MICKEY, } Executors.
P. W. MICKEY, }
Salem, N. C., Oct. 20, 1880.-2-4

Wood Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that persons desiring to purchase dead trees on the lands of Salem Congregation, will hereafter apply at the Office of the Treasurer.

JAS. T. LINEBACK,
Tr. Salem Congregation.

1880. 1880.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED at MRS. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS,
WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Fall and Winter of 1880, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.
Salem, N. C., Sept. 16, 1880.

THE SALEM Printing Office.

Having been engaged in the PRINTING BUSINESS, uninterruptedly for many years, we flatter ourselves that our experience enables us to execute

PRINTING

of every description, in the most satisfactory manner and at prices that will compare favorably with the

Best and Neatest Work

of the Northern Cities.

Our prices are as low, and often lower, than similar work can be done in larger establishments.

We can print at short notice

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS,
PROGRAMMES, CARDS,
RECEIPTS, BLANKS,
POSTERS,
CHECKS,
TAGS,
LABELS,
NOTE, LETTER and BILLHEADS,
RECEIPTS and CARDS in PLAIN or FANCY COLORS.

SAMPLES OF OUR WORK

can always be examined at the Office.

Our office is supplied with excellent material, of the latest style, good and fast presses, which enables us to execute work promptly at

REDUCED PRICES.

Don't fail to give us a trial before having your printing done elsewhere. Thanking our numerous friends for their liberal patronage heretofore received, we hope to continue to be favored with a fair share of work in our line.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., April, 1880.

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THE PEOPLE'S PRESS,
$1 50 a year.

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having the largest circulation in the State.
Sold everywhere.

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OF
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and refer the public to these publications as specimens of our work.

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(Temporarily),
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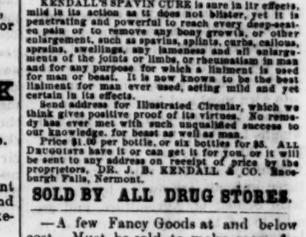
JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

From Rev. P. N. GRANGER,
Presiding Elder of the St. Alban's District.

St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 20th, 1880.

DR. J. B. KENDALL & Co., Gents.—In reply to your letter I will say that my experience with 'Kendall's Spavin Cure' has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle of your agent, and with it cured a horse of lameness caused by a spavin. Last season my horse became very lame, and I turned him out for a few weeks when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ring-bone was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found. Respectfully yours,
P. N. GRANGER.

PERSEVERANCE WILL TELL.

Stoughton, Mass., March 18th, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—In justice to you and myself I think I ought to let you know that I have removed two bone spavins with 'Kendall's Spavin Cure,' one very large one, don't know how long the spavin had been there. I have owned the horse eight months. It took me four months to take the large one off and two for the small one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is entirely well, not at all stiff, and no bunch to be seen or felt. This is a wonderful medicine. It is a new thing here, but if it does for all what it has done for me its sale will be very great.
Respectfully yours, CHAS. E. PARKER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Ashland, Schuylkill Co., Pa., June 3rd, 1880.

DR. J. B. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—A case of spavin last season under my observation was entirely cured by one bottle of your 'Kendall's Spavin Cure,' and the horse sold afterwards for two hundred dollars. Yours Truly,
"The" Druggist. CHAS. H. BARNARD.

STATEMENT MADE UNDER OATH.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the year 1875 I treated with 'Kendall's Spavin Cure', a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and removed the enlargement. I have worked the horse since very hard, and he has never been lame nor could I ever see any difference in the size of the hock joints since I treated him with 'Kendall's Spavin Cure.' R. A. GAINES.
Enosburg Falls, Vt., Feb. 25, 1879.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 26th day of February, A. D. 1879.
JOHN G. JENNE, Justice of the Peace.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH.

Patton's Mills, Washington Co., N. Y., Feb. 21, 1879.

B. J. Kendall M. D., Dear Sir,—The particular case on which I used your "Spavin Cure" was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months' standing. I had tried many things but in vain. Your "Spavin Cure" put the foot on as well again, and for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used. Yours truly, Rev. M. F. BELL,
Pastor M. E. Church Patton's Mills, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth, or other enlargement, such as spavins, splint, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. J. B. KENDALL & CO. Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES.

—A few Fancy Goods at and below cost. Must be sold to make room for fall goods. Call at Salem Bookstore.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING O

AGRICULTURAL.

ITEMS FOR FARM READING.

Texas, which commenced raising wool in 1845, has now 4,000,000 sheep, and it is estimated that Montana will produce 50,000,000 pounds of wool in 1880.

The sale of the flock of Merino sheep, owned by the late Mr. Ingalls, of Almont, Michigan, was well attended. The non-registered rams, mostly yearlings, averaged $22.50 per head. Fifteen registered ewes of mixed Atwood and Robinson blood brought $31 each, while pure bred Atwoods brought $36 each.

The original Southdown were the purest blood of any English sheep. Their improvement was accomplished by judicious selection from various flocks. Great symmetry of form has been attained, large size, and fattening qualities. By reason of their purity they have stamped their fattening qualities more certainly upon their offspring than any other English breed.

Meat is scarce and dear in France, the peasantry being able to taste it not oftener than once a week, and then limited to bacon and pork in other forms. Game is particularly scarce and expensive, the import duty greatly enhancing its natural value. The stock raisers in the United States will yet find a market in France for their fatted animals.

The sheep in Silesia are never exposed to much rain. Shelter and shade are provided for them. Nor are they exposed to dust, for that is known to be injurious to the fleece. The greatest possible care is taken in the breeding. Men of experience are employed to go from farm to farm to examine the sheep and select the best rams that can be found. The lambs are closely examined as to their fleece bearing properties, and all but the very best are sold off. The whole economy of the sheep farm is as perfect as intelligence and industry can make it.

For heavy farm and road work, the city dray and truck, no breed of horses will surpass the Percheron, while the lighter class are well adapted for the express wagon, the omnibus and the horse railroad.

Fifteen hundred persons attended the sale of the Angus polled cattle of the late McCombie, Tillyfour, Scotland. Seventy head were disposed of at large prices. One cow brought $1,350, the highest ever paid for an animal of this breed.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says that, of everything he tried to cure of roup in fowls, the best is to take pulverized copperas and put a teaspoonful in three quarts of water, and give it to them to drink. Should they not drink much in a day or two, mix it into corn meal and feed it to them.

Gladiolus, a five year old Angus bull, weighs 1,380 lbs; by Eyebright, a two year old heifer, also of this breed, weighs the same as this cow. These three animals are owned by the Ontario School of Agriculture, and are said to be the only ones owned in Canada.

Be careful about letting your cattle drink from ditches, or from pools in which they are accustomed to stand or in which their droppings are deposited. It is not only liable to injure the health of the stock, but is also a fruitful cause of malarial and typoid fevers among those who use the milk from cows thus watered.

The following is said to be the comparative milk yield of the various breeds of cows: A native cow produces annually 1,794 lbs of milk; Jersey, 3,820; Ayshire, 4,300; American Holstein, 4,527. Taking the weight (950 lbs) of native cows, they produce twice their weight in milk; Ayshires, six and one-half; Jerseys, four and one-half; Holsteins, five times.

Those who will take time to examine a horse's foot will find it a series of elliptical springs separated from each other by a spongy substance, and the frog of a cushion to rest the foot upon, the whole being admirably constructed for a heavy body to resist jars, and from which the natural inference may be drawn that cutting an paring the hoof is not only useless but injurious.

The trouble with most persons who keep horses—no matter whether on farms for farm work, or for driving purposes—is, they feed too much hay, and to this cause can be attributed the general sluggishness often manifested by the horses until they have been working a couple of hours, while the wind is also impaired. Night is the only time when hay should be fed, especially to animals used to quick work. Even the slow plow team should have but little hay at the morning and noon feeds, but give them a generous supply at the evening meal.

GREEK AGRICULTURE.

[*Selected from the Travels of Anacharsis, the Younger in Greece.*]

We afterward requested from Enthymenes some instructions concerning different kinds of plants of the kitchen garden and fruit trees.

"The former," said he, "come up sooner when we make use of seed which is two or three years old. There are some which it is advantageous to water with salt water. Cucumbers (which is supposed to be a name used for all melons) are sweeter when their seeds have been steeped in milk for two days. They thrive better in ground naturally a little moist, than in gardens where they are frequently watered. Would you have them early, sow them at first in pots, and water them with warm water; but I must tell you that they will have less flavor than if they had been watered with cold water. To render them large, care is taken, as soon as they begin to be formed, to cover them with a pot or vessel, or to introduce them into a kind of tube. To preserve them a long time they should be covered and kept hung up in a well.

"Trees should be planted in autumn, or rather in the spring. The trenches should be dug at least a year before they are planted. It is usual to leave it a long time open, as if it were to be fecundated by the air. The dimensions of the trench are varied according as the soil is dry or moist. It is usual to allow to it two feet and a half in depth, and two feet in breadth.

"I only relate," said Enthymenes, "practices that are known an familiar to all cultivated nations.'

"And which," repliod I immediately, "do not sufficiently excite their admiration. What time, what reflections, must not have been necessary to observe and gain a knowledge of the wants, the varieties and resources of nature; to render her docile and diversify or correct her productions. I was surprised, at my arrival in Greece, to see trees manured and pruned; but how great was my admiration to find the secret had been discovered to diminish the kernel of some fruits to increase the size of the pulp; that other fruits, and especially pomegranates, had been made to grow larger on the trees by covering them with an earthen vessel; and trees were compelled to bear fruit of different kinds, and be loaded with productions foreign to their nature."

"This latter prodigy," said Enthymenes, "is effected by grafting, by which the roughness and sourness of fruits of wild trees are corrected. Almost all garden trees undergo this operation, which is ordinarily performed on trees of the same species; as for example, a fig is grafted on another fig tree, an apple on a pear tree, etc. Figs ripen sooner when they have been punctured by gnats that come from the fruit of a wild fig tree purposely planted near. Yet those which ripen naturally are preferred, and the dealers who sell them in the market never fail to mention the difference. It is said that pomegranates will be sweeter when the tree is watered with cold water, and pig dung laid round the roots; that almonds have more flavor when nails were driven into the trunk of the tree and the sap allowed to flow out for some time; and that olive trees can not thrive when they are more than three hundre stadia from the sea (eleven and one-third leagues 34 miles).

"It is likewise said that certain trees have a sensible influence on other trees; that olive trees delight in the neighborhood of wild pomegranates, and garden pomegranates in that of myrtles. It is added, in fine, that the difference of sex must be admitted in trees and plants; an opinion which was at first founded on the analogy that was imagined to exist between animals and the other productions of nature, and afterward confirmed by the observation that palm tress do not bear fruit, unless the females are fecundated by the down or dust contained in the flower of the male. This species of phenomenon must first have been observed in Egypt and the neighboring countries; for in Greece the palm trees raised for the ornament of gardens bear no dates, or at least never bring them to perfect maturity. In general, the fruits of Attica have a sweetness not found in those of the neighboring countries, which advantage they owe less to the industry of the cultivator than the influence of the climate. We as yet are ignorant how far this influence will correct the sourness of these beautiful fruits, which hang on that citron tree lately brought from Persia to Athens.—*Farmers Home Journal.*

Paragraphic Oddities.

Net profit—fish.

A tub race—Washerwomen.

Original humor—Vaccine virus.

A round trip—Falling over a marble.

The summer hotels have big bargains.

The soil tiller guides the ship of state.

Did any one ever hear the queensware?

An unpleasant relation—A carb-uncle.

The dentist pulls what he doesn't plant.

A four in hand is worth two in the pack.

A man who doesn't know anything will tell you so the first chance he gets.

"Homer's Audacity" is what a New York girl asked for at a bookstore recently.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging, nor for thinking before speaking.

A hypocrite is a man who tries to be pious but can't, with a preponderance of cant.

The oldest insurance company in the world is the Hand in Hand Insurance Company of London, chartered in 1696.

The beginning of faith is action, and he only believes who struggles; not he who merely thinks a question over.—*Carlyle*

There has been a great cry made that a chalk mark will keep ants out of food. We have noticed the fellows never get into our milk.

What we say in secret is known to Him who made our interior nature. He who made us is present with us, though we are alone.

"Every cloud has a silver lining." But that is no consolation, after all, when you reflect that things are never worn with the lining side out.

A western woman has lost two husbands by lightning. She ought to marry a conductor; and no doubt she would do so, as quick as a flash, if he will 'point the time.

No trait of character is rarer, none more admirable, than a thoughtful independence of the opinion of others, combined with a sensitive regard for the feelings of others.

HOW THE ANCIENTS GROUND GRAIN.—Mrs. B. B. Reading has presented to the Academy of Sciences, on behalf of J. H. Sisson, of Siskiyou county, a metade of basalt rock, found nine feet below the surface of the earth near the Oregon boundary line. The metade was used by the ancient natives for the purpose of grinding grain, and this specimen has a flat top, slightly raised about the edge on the two sides and at the upper end, and is about twenty-two inches long and fifteen inches in breadth. It is supported by three legs, the upper one being an inch or so longer than the two lower, thus giving it the requisite incline so that the grain, crushed to flour by means of a heavy roller, can slide off into a vessel placed at the open end for that purpose.

A noble nature is comprehended only by its peer.

Clips of Wit.

"Never marry a girl unless you have known her at least three days and a picnic."—*Boston Star.* Oh, never mind the three days. You'll know her well enough after the picnic.

The Vermont Legislature is mulling over a bill to prevent the running of any railroad trains or locomotives in that State on Sunday. It ought to pass, for at present only passenger trains are isboced; and it's awfully aggravating for a man who has got caught in the State by the arrival of Sunday, and can't get out till the next day, to have his waking hours harassed and his sleep broken by the continual noise of freight trains.

A Maine paper tells of a man who got up, dressed, went to a neighbor's and worked hard to subdue a fire and then returned to bed—all in a state of somnambulism. That's too thin. If the paper had said that he went over to the neighbor's and sparked the pretty daughter of the house it might have been credible; but a man couldn't go to a fire—in the country—without getting waked up by a stream of water shot up his trowsers legs.

The Parisian says that when American ladies "speak French they have a gentil accent yankee qui semble fait expres pour la flirtage.', Correct. They have also a delicate fan, nicotine nature qui peut, sancho pedro, high, low, jack and the game.

Down South they mistrust a man of being an illicit distiller if he has corns on his feet, a wry face and is on the mash.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray disappeared, left the world, climbed a tree and pulled it up after him, as it were, a few months ago, and everybody thought he had reformed. But his farewell, vain world, was all a sham; he's back on the lecture platform again.

If you have made unjust charges against any one, take them back. You may have a chance to use them again.

Who says animals do not have a future existence? Look at the chicken, for instance, who dies and is cooked, but his feathers on a lady's hat becomes a bird of paradise.

Domestic Economy.

A RUMP STEAK.—It is better to get a good thick steak, even if it weighs heavier than you need for one day's dinner, than to let the butcher cut a thin slab of the asked-for weight, that will curl up like a piece of leather in the cooking. A piece can be cut from the steak to serve as "braised" or stewed beef for the next day, or to make the "mince" with potato wall, that the little folks enjoy for a dinner. Trim your steak neatly, beat it with the "cutlet bat" or the wooden potato masher, sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil over a clear fire a minute or two, and keep turning until it is done. Then sprinkle with salt and serve with finely minced parsley and a bit of butter, pressed into the steak with a knife blade. The dip into the oil is borrowed from the Italian method, and its use is plainly to ensure a rapid coating and browning of the *surface* of the meat, the true secret of broiling and roasting. When the juices of a steak are allowed either to fry out of it in a pan, or to drop and dry out of it over a slow fire, there is no use in paying money for fresh beef. A good cook browns her steak very quickly—without burning it—so that all the juices of the piece are kept in it. Perhaps there is no one matter so little understood by women, who need to be economical, who try to give their families good, nourishing food, but who do not understand how to get the worth out of the pieces they buy. Before broiling, place the gridiron on the range, and, when hot, rub it with a piece of bread. No matter how well the gridiron has been washed, the bread will be black. This black is better on the bread than on the meat.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Slice an onion finely and fry it in butter or dripping until it begins to take color; add four or five cold boiled potatoes cut in slices half an inch thick; salt and pepper to taste, and keep shaking the saucepan until they are quite hot and begin to brown. Serve with some shreds of parsley. It is a good investment to keep a parsley box growing in the kitchen window. It is pretty to look at, and the garnish is always "handy."

A FRUIT OMELETTE.—Beat up the whites of four and the yolks of six eggs with a very small pinch of salt. Put a piece of fresh butter in the omelette pan, and directly it is melted pour in the eggs. As soon as they are set fold up the omelette, inserting within the fold as much jam as will lie in it. Turn out the omelette neatly on a dish, cover it with powdered sugar, and glaze it with a red-hot salamander or hot shovel. Any kind of preserved fruit will do for this, and it is a pretty dish for lunch or supper.

CHEESE TARTLETS.—Make a paste with one ounce of butter, two ounces of flour the yolk of an egg, a little water, a pinch of salt, roll it out to the thickness of the eighth of an inch, and line some pattypans with it. Take two ounces of finely grated cheese, beat it up in a bowl with the yolk of two eggs; add pepper, salt, cayenne and nutmeg, according to taste—very little of the two latter; then work in three tablespoonfuls of cream, fill each pattypan with the mixture, and bake them in a moderate oven till done.

THE CHINESE GOD.—Fo, the Chinese divinity, or incarnate god, lived about 1100 B. C. At nineteen he abandoned his family, and at thirty began to work miracles. At seventy-nine his incarnation ceased. His followers teach that he pre-existed, and had appeared eight thousand times in different forms of transmigration. He taught that nothing is the beginning and end of all things, and that the happiness of man consists in doing nothing, feeling nothing, desiring nothing, and taking no thought for the future. His disciples teach that he came on earth to expiate men's sins, and his four precepts are to kill no living creature, to take nothing that belongs to another, to utter no falsehood, and drink no wine.

A Remarkable Duel and How it Ended.

An old East Indian officer, in giving some reminiscences to *Chambers' Journal*, tells this story: Tainton's regiment was stationed at the Straits, (Singapore, Malacca and Penang); but he was officiating as brigade major while the real incumbent was absent on furlough at the Cape. He was known to be an extraordinary shot with gun, rifle and pellet-bow. Nothing could rifle him outwardly, but I pity the man who wilfully insulted him, for Tainton with a smile would think no more of throwing him out of the window than he would of kicking a cur down stairs. He was a lamb in appearance, but a very lion in strength and courage, and neither drank, gambled or quarrelled; but in those duelling days even he could not at times avoid the "wager to battle." D——, a foolishly irate and somewhat tipsy man, moreover only a late arrival, took umbrage at some remarks of a perfectly inoffensive nature made by Tainton, and the usual challenge followed. There is a limit to the greatest forbearance, and my gallant friend was tired of being made a target of, so consented to go out, provided his terms were acceded to; and these were that they were to be placed face to face at fifteen yards or less, he to be armed with his pellet-bow alone and his adversary to load his own weapon; and that from the moment that the word 'load' was given each party was to do with his weapon what he chose. The seconds knew Tainton well, and they anticipated some fun from the novel duel; so, while consenting to the terms, they made them known all over the station. The day arrived. Tainton's adversary strongly protested against fighting such a strange duel; but he was told he had no choice, as the right of choosing weapons lay with the challenged. So D——, more irate than ever went to the place of meeting, vowing he would drive a hole through his man for making such a fool of him. The whole plain was crowded with spectators. The two stood face to face. Tainton with his pocket full of hardened pellets, and his bow; D—— with an ordinary pistol. The word "Load" being given, D—— lifted his powder flask; when rap, rap, came two pellets on his knuckles, and he dropped his pistol and flask as if they had been red hot. The bystanders screamed with laughter. D—— got more savage, and hastily picking up his pistol and flask, tried to load; but a similar visitation as before made him drop them again, whilst another rap, rap, made him turn his back on his foe. The seconds now interferred, and declared the duel at an end, because the conditions had been violated by D——, who was led off the ground foaming with rage. But a little reflection and a little inquiry into the antecedents and character of the antagonist he had to deal with convinced him of the folly of quarreling with such a man, and a party was got up at mess where the two met and shook hands.

Tainton's skill with the Indian pellet-bow was something marvellous. He had been known, for a wager, with five pellets to knock over three snipe; and the sepoys and native officers of his regiment not only loved him, but believed him to be possessed of supernatural powers, and were ever fond of relating the most improbable stories about him; and nothing would convince them to the contrary. One story was that, with a hard pellet he could drill a hole in an earthenware water-pot, and with a soft one fill it up again.

Lost in a Storm.

THE DANGERS WHICH BESET THOSE WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

It was All Saints' Day; In the morning we saw that the sea was very rough, and every one said there would be trouble; all the parish was in church; in the middle of mass we saw a man come in dripping wet, an old sailor, well known for his bravery. He immediately said that as he came along shore he saw several ships, which, driven by a fearful wind, would certainly shipwreck on the coast. "We must go to their assistance," said he, louder, "and I have come to say to all who are willing, that we have only just time to put to sea to try to help them." About fifty men offered themselves, and, without speaking, followed the old sailor. We got to the shore by going down the cliff, and there we soon saw a terrible sight—several vessels, one behind the other, driving at a frightful speed against the rocks. Our men put their boats to sea, but they had hardly made ten strokes when one boat filled with water and sank, the second was overturned with the breakers and the third thrown up on shore. Happily no one was drowned and all reached the shore. It was easy to see that our boats would be no use to the poor people on the ships. Meantime the vessels came nearer and were only a few fathoms from our black cliffs, which were covered with cormorants. The first, whose masts were gone, came like a great mass. Every one on shore saw it coming; no one dared speak. It seemed to me, a child, as if death was playing with a handful of men, whom it intended to crush and drown. An immense wave lifted itself like an angry mountain, and, wrapping the vessel, brought her near, and a still higher one threw her upon a rock level with the water. A frightful cracking sound—the next instant the vessel was filled with water. The sea was covered with wreckage—planks, masts and poor drowning creatures. Many swam and then disappeared. Our men threw themselves into the water, and, with the old sailor at their head, made tremendous efforts to save them. Several were brought back, but they were either drowned or broken on the rocks. The sea threw up several hundred, and with them poor human life and limb. A second ship followed. The masts were gone. Every one was on deck, which was full; the water threw all on their backs, and a cry of despair seemed to bless them. A wave as big as our cliff carried her toward us. We thought we heard a shock like the first, but she held staunch and did not move. The waves beat against her, but she did not budge. She seemed petrified. In an instant every one put to sea, for it was only two gunshots from shore. A boat was made fast alongside: our boat was filled instantly; one of the boats of the ship put off, threw out planks and boxes, and in half an hour every one was on shore. The ship had been saved by a rare accident; her bowsprit and fore part had got wedged in between two rocks. The wave which had thrown her upon the reefs had preserved her as if by a miracle. She was English, and the man who blessed his companions was a bishop. They were taken to the village and soon after to Cherbourg. We all went back again to the shore. The third ship was thrown on the breakers, dashed into little bits, and no one could be saved. The bodies of the unhappy crew were thrown up on the sand. A fourth, fifth and sixth were lost, ship and cargo, on the rocks. The tempest was terrific. The wind was so violent that it was useless to try to oppose it. It carried off the roofs and the thatch. It whirled so that the birds were killed—even the gulls, which are accustomed, one would think, to storms. The night was passed in defending the houses. Some covered the roofs with heavy stones, some carried ladders and poles and made them fast to the roofs. The trees bent to the ground and cracked and split. The fields were covered with branches and leaves. It was a fearful scourge. The next day, All Souls' Day, the men returned to the shore. It was covered with dead bodies and wreckage. They were taken up and placed in rows along the foot of the cliffs. Several other vessels came in sight; every one was lost on our coast. It was a desolation like the end of the world. Not one could be saved. The rock smashed them like glass, and threw them in atoms to the cliffs. Passing a hollow place, I saw a great sail covering what looked like a pile of merchandise. I lifted the corner and saw a heap of dead bodies. I was so frightened that I ran all the way home, where I found mother and grandmother praying for the drowned men. The third day another vessel came. Of this one they found possible to save part of the crew, about ten men, whom they got off the rocks. They were all torn and bruised. They were taken to Grouchy, cared for a month and sent to Cherbourg. But the poor wretches were not rid of the sea. They embarked on a vessel going to Havre; a storm took them and they were all lost. As for the dead, all the horses were employed for a week in carrying them to the cemetery. They were buried in unconsecrated ground; people said they were not good Christians.—*Jean Francois Millet.*

Something About Pins.

One would scarcely imagine that the pin, this insignificant little article in dress, should be the subject of a folklore. Curious to say, however, it is the subject of many a superstition, and has been very largely used for purposes of enchantment. Indeed, the magical uses of pins are most extensive, and, under a variety of forms, are found in our own and other countries. The following rhyme, embodying this fanciful notion, is still in use:

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lie,
All the day you'll have to cry.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Why, however, north country people are so persistent in their refusal to give one another a pin it is not easy to discover, as even they themselves cannot give the origin and reason of this superstition. When asked for a pin they invariably say, "You may take one; but mind, I do not give it." It may, perhaps, have some connection with the vulgar prejudice against giving a knife or other sharp instrument, as mentioned by Gray in his "Shepherd's Week:"

But woe to me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever Love.

—a supposition as popular now as in days gone by. Another fact associated with pins will doubtless interest those of the fair sex about to enter on the happy state of matrimony. Thus, it is still a prevalent belief in certain places that a bride, in removing her bridal robe and chaplet at the completion of the marriage ceremonies, must take special care to throw away every pin worn on this eventful day. Evil fortune, it is affirmed, will sooner or later overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet. Woe also to the bridesmaids if they retain any of them, as their chance of marriage will thereby be materially lessened, and anyhow they must give up all hope of being wedded before the following Whitsuntide. On the other hand, in Sussex a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all the pins about her dress by her single friends present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be married in the course of a year. Much excitement and amusement are occasionally caused by the youthful competitors for this supposed charm, and the bride herself is not unfrequently the victim of rather rough treatment.

MAGICAL PROPERTIES OF PINS.

Among the magical properties of pins, we may mention their supposed efficacy in the cure of certain diseases. Thus, in Leicestersl ire, in the case of warts, the person is taken to an ash tree, where the pin is first stuck into the bark, and withdrawn; a wart is transfixed with it till he feels pain, and then the pin is again pushed into the tree. Every wart thus treated is said to die away gradually until they entirely disappear. A few years ago, we are told, that some trees might be seen thickly studded over with pins, each the index of a cured wart. In connection with this superstition there is a well known couplet:—

Ashen tree, ashen tree,
Pray buy these warts of me.

In place of a pin a nail driven into an oak is reported to cure toothache. A Gloucestershire remedy consists in rubbing the warts with a snail, after it has been pierced with a pin as many times as there are warts. As the snail by degrees withers away, so it is believed that the wart, impregnated with its matter, will do the same. It has been pointed out that most of the charms of this kind are of the nature of a sacrifice, the warts being transferred to a substitute

A Canine in a Press-Room.

A rampant canine made an uninvited visit to the Nashville *Sunday Leader* press room. His presence suggested opportunities that the boys could not allow to pass unimproved. The gay and frivolous cur was given the freedom of the place, lured into a corner, and decorated with twine till he looked like an animated dry goods package done up by a new clerk. Then he was allowed to slide out. And he slid. He aimed straight for the door. But something was wrong. First he whacked against the big power press then against the ink barrel; before he reached the street he had collided with everything *en route*. When he got out he started to run. Then he paused to reflect. He needed as much sea-room as a politician on the night when he hears that his candidate has been elected.

The fact was, in the beautiful system of decoration employed by the press-room artists, that yellow dog's tail had been hitched to one of his fore legs in a manner more embarrassing than painful. That proud dog found it impossible to steer with his wonted facility and ease. The rudder refused to respond to the signals from the brain. The dog was more perplexed than proud. His demeanor was much more modest and his previousness was toned down to a degree that was depressing to behold.—*Menamin's Printers Circular.*

Fahionable Chit-Chat.

Chrysanthemums are among fashionable flowers

Old blue and white ware continue to take high rank in artistic china.

Beaded cashmere cuirasses are among novelities recently imported.

Independent velvet bodices, made Jersey fashion, are worn over dresses of other material and color.

Broad linen collars and turn-over cuffs, similar to those worn by children, are fashionable for young ladies.

Purely fanciful plaids are fashionable for ladies' costumes. The historic tartans are more in use for children's suits.

Coachmen's capes of silver-pointed beaver, with muff and deep cuffs to match, will be much in vogue the coming season.

Handsome Turkish sashes of Surah silk, with gathered ends finished with long heavy silk tassels, are sold in every shade of color.

Plaid velvet in rich dull tints is used in handsome walking suits for young ladies, combined with Surah silk or duchess satin.

Walking canes, with heads of Sevres or Dresden china, are popular among Parisian women.

Armure and serge dresses in tiny plaids are fashionable in very dark or neutral tints, which are generally brightened by touches of scarlet or gold.

Instead of the old-time silk loops, a ring covered with silk in button-hole stitch is now used in places on the dress to be fastened without showing the means.

The introduction of lace ruffs with morning costumes for the street is a blessing to most girls who found that colors seen by candle light did not seem the same by day, when the color was softened by rows on rows of white lace at night and exposed to the daylight in trying contrast with plain linen.

The newest thing in winter hats and bonnets are of long napped beaver, in the new shades, beige, gray, black, dark green, brown, etc.

Among new hat trimmings are heavy cords of softly-twisted chenille, with tulip-like ends, and chenille scarfs drawn to a point and terminating in heavy tassels at each end.

Worth makes a sash bow of a whole width of soft Surah (three-fourths of a yard wide) tied in two loops and two short ends finished with fringe, and places it on the left side just at the waist line.

Black corsets are made now with a white lining, a very desirable improvement. Clasp protectors are also a recent improvement, which large women addicted to clasp breaking will especially appreciate.

Fichus of fine white net are as popular as those of mull were during the sun mer. They have an applique trimming of moss-work in branching patterns for borders, or else they are trimmed with the Alencon laces.

New cloakings are sixty inches wide, heavy black silk brocades, Ratzimirs, Sicilliennes, velour cords, etc. The new linings for these are long fleeced plushes, as costly and almost as heavy as fur.

The low-priced ribbons exhibit great variety. They are satin and gros grain striped and plain, Gobelin and figured, in Persian and leaf designs, tiles, ferns and flowers, etc.

There is a great deal of ignorance about lace and it is generally diffused, but unless the New York *Times* said it it would seem incredible that any-body should take Brussels lace with applied figures for English point. Those who have made the blunder once should in future turn the lace and see if the net be under the flowers, where it would not be in English point.

Orthographical.

May be you have heard that a smart girl in Vassar spells Turner thus; Phythologynyrrh, and gives this little table to explain her theory:

First—Phth (as in phthisis) is.....T
Second—olo (as in colonel) is.....UR
Third—gn (as in gnat) is.....N
Fourth—yrrh (as in myrrh) is.....ER

Spelling matees are very demoralizing, Jones had been to one the night before, His wife is awakened during the early morning by some noise below stairs. "John! John! Burglars!" she called, shaking him. Burglars—b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s—burglars," said he, and rolled over to sleep again.

When spelling is "reformed" she'll write:

I'm sailing on the oshun,
The se is hi, no sale in site
It filz me with emoshun."
For one "spell,, will not change its name:
For she'll be se-sik jest the salm!

—*American Queen*

An old lady who found much difficulty in pronouncing words so that her grandchildren to whom she was giving a spelling lesson, could understand her, came to the word Egypt, and, after several unsuccessful attempts at pronouncing it, hit upon this—E-g-y-p-t (E-gee wy pee tee), after which the entire class spelled it correctly and were informed by grandma that they were "real smart children."

The jovial nobleman, the late Lord Palmerston, once gave eleven of his associates in the cabinet a sentence to spell, and not one of the eleven got through without blundering. The sentence was: "It is disagreeable to witness the embarrasment of a harassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato."

A "reformed speller" writes to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*: "I see that your contemporary of the *Tribune*, who professes to hev adopted the reform spelling' prints 'dilema' and 'assessment' in parallel columns. Now I, too, believe in reform, and I think the man who spells 'dilema' with one *m*, and yet puts four *s*'s into 'asesment,' ot to reserv at least one of the superfluous *s*'s in order to write himself down an as.

Humors of Prose and Poetry.

"Our larder is empty," quoth Mr. Jones, as he heard the pig squealing for its evening meal.

The best way to encourage a tramp is to show him a pile of cord wood, and other little axe of kindness.

If a man's horses should lose their tails why should he sell them wholesale? Because he can't retail them.

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, "especially whin yer sweetheart is wid yer."

Maud (an aristocratic child): "How pretty and clever you are, mother! I'm so glad you married into our family."

THE ZOOLOGIST'S WOOING.

When first I saw you, Eland deer,
My hart it did repine,
Because I gnu how good you were,
And wished that you ermine.

When your tapir fingers pressed
Upon that eve in May,
The glance you gave me sealed my fate,
And I'm still yours toady.

I'll never break ape art the lynx
That bind my heart to thine,
Till I shall lion my last couch
And in my grave recline.

Gaze, Eland deer, upon me now!
(That's civet pleases you).
One glance from your bright eyes will light
This mole-dering fire anew.

And if it is for porcupine,
Though it should ruin me,
I'll bring as many hamstu you
As one could wish to see.

But then, of course, weak antelope,
For that would be a boar;
But we can stay right here rat home,
And I'll ne'er leave you mohr.

"What did you get?" asked a wife of her husband on his return from a hunting excursion of several days' duration. "I got back!" he sententiously replied.

"Innocents" asks a weekly story paper "How to shine in European society." Easy enough. Purchase a box of blacking and a brush, and "shine" the same as you would in American society.

"What pretty children, and how much they look alike," says C. during a first visit at a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What, both of 'em?" exclaims C., greatly interested.

A BLACK HILLS INCIDENT.

A little, warty, dried-up sort
O' lookin' chap 'at hadn't ort
A ben a-usin' round no bar,
With gents like us a-drinkin' thar!

And that idee occurred to me
The livin' minit 'at I see
The little cuss elbowin in
To humor his besettin' sin.

There 're nothing small in me at all,
But when I heer the rooster call
For shuger and a spoon, I says:
"Jest got in from the States I guess."

He never 'peared as if he heerd,
But stood thar, wipin' uv his beard,
And smilin' to hissef as if
I'd been a-givin' him a stiff.

And I, says I, a-edgin' by
The bantam, and a-gazin' high
Above his plug—says I: "I knowed
A little feller one't 'at blowed

"Around like you, and tuck his drinks
With shugar in; and his folks thinks
He's dead now, 'cause we boxed and sent
The scraps back to the Settlement."

The boys tell me, 'at got to see
The feller knock my gun, 'at he
Jest 'peared to come unjointed-like
Afore he ever struck a strike!

And I'll admit the way he fit
Wuz dazzlin'—what I see uv hit!
And squarin' things up fair and fine,
Says I: "A little 'shug' in mine!"

A Solemn Scene.

There was the queerest scene at one of the churches last Sunday. It seems that during the vacation the seats had been newly varnished, and somehow the varnish was not right, as it was terribly sticky. You know when you pull anything off of sticky varnish that it cracks. Well, the audience had all got seated, when the minister got up to give out the hymn, and as the basement of his trowsers let loose of the varnish of his chair there was a noise like killing a fly on the wall with a palmleaf fan. The minister looked around at the chair to see if he was all present, and that no guilty man's pants had escaped, and read the hymn. The choir rose with a sound of revelry, and after the tenor had swallowed a lozenge and the base had coughed up a piece of frog and the alto had hemmed and the soprano had shook out her polonaise to see if the varnish showed on the south side, the audience began to rise. One or two deacons got up first, with sounds like picket firing in the distance on the eve of battle; and then a few more got up, and the rattling of the unyielding varnish sounded as though the fight was becoming more animated, and then the whole audience got on its feet at once with a sound of rattling musketry. The choir sang "Hold the Fort." When the orchestra had concluded the people sat down gingerly, the services were short, and all went home praying for the man who painted the seats.

JOSH BILLINGS suggests that if a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide, and if a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

Echoes from Abroad.

It is currently reported that the Duke of Westminster intends selling off his fine stud of racehorses and quitting the turf altogether.

The year 1881 will be an eventful one for the imperial families of both Austria and Germany, as its first three months will not have elapsed before the heirs to the thrones of both empires have entered into the bonds of matrimony.

Miss Eva Sothern, the only daughter of the well known actor, has been offered an excellent theatrical engagement, but as the young lady is a ward of the Court of Chancery it will be necessary to make application to the Court before she be permitted to accept the engagement.

The movement for the establishment of the Junior Reform Club in London has received the assent of a large number of the liberal members of the House. It is to be a self-supporting institution, will cost £100,000 or thereabouts and will not be subsidized by donations from the wealthy members of the party. Its house accommodation will provide for the possibility of 3,000 members.

The action for libel brought by Mr. E. Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, against Mr. Labouchere, the proprietor, and Mr. Wyman, the printer, of *Truth*, will be keard early next term, in all probability before Lord Chief Justice of England. Sir John Holker will be Mr. Lawson's leading counsel; Mr. Charles Russels, Q. C., will appear for Mr. Wyman, and Mr. Labouchere will conduct his own defence.

THE MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS

AT PHILADELPHIA Flour was held with increased firmness under the stimulous of an advancing wheat market. Minnesota, extra lots; medium at $5 25@5 75; choice at $7 75@8 25; Penna. extra family at $5 25; Ohio choice $6 00@6 15; Illinois do do at $5 75; winter wheat patents at $7 00@7 50; Rye Flour, scarce at $5 50. In Corn meal there is nothing doing.

Feed is firm; sales of Bran at $22 ₱ ton.

AT N. YORK, flour market opened less active but strong. Moderate export and jobbing trade demand.

When your tapir fingers pressed
Upon that eve in May,
The glance you gave me sealed my fate,
And I'm still yours toady.

I'll never break ape art the lynx
That bind my heart to thine,
Till I shall lion my last couch
And in my grave recline.

Gaze, Eland deer, upon me now!
(That's civet pleases you).
One glance from your bright eyes will light
This mole-dering fire anew.

And if it is for porcupine,
Though it should ruin me,
I'll bring as many hamstu you
As one could wish to see.

But then, of course, weak antelope,
For that would be a boar;
But we can stay right here rat home,
And I'll ne'er leave you mohr.

Sour extras at $4 90@5 50; No 2 at $3 05, superfine at $3 50@4 00; State extra brands at $4 00@4 70; State fancy brands at $4 70@6 50; western spring wheat extras at $4 70@6 25; Minnesota clear at $6 00@7 00; Minnesota straights at $6 50@7 00; spring wheat patents at $7 10@8 25; winter wheat seconds at $4 70@5 00; good to choice spring wheat extras at $3 85@6 50; extra amber Indiana, Ohio and Michigan at $5 10@5 35; Ohio, Indiana and Illinois superfine at $5 00@6 50; Genesee extra brands $5 10@5 35; winter wheat patents $7 10@8 75; white wheat, City mills for west Indies $5 25@6 10., Southern flour fairly active.

AT BALTIMORE Flour was active and higher 3 00@3 50; Patapsco family 6 50.

AT BUFFALO Flour was steady but quiet.

AT CHICAGO Flour was dull and unchanged.

AT CINCINNATI Flour was easier and unchanged at $4 85@5 00; fancy $5 00@6 00.

AT DETROIT Flour was steady and selling; white at $5 25.

AT LOUISVILLE Flour was quiet; extra at $4; do family at $4 50; A No 1 at $5@5 25; choice to fancy at $5@6 50.

AT MILWAUKEE Flour was dull and unchanged.

AT NEW ORLEANS Corn-meal was steady but quiet at $2 25. Bran was firmer at 1.05.

AT OSWEGO Flour was steady and unchanged

AT ST. LOUIS Flour was easier but not quotably lower; choice at $5 10; family at $4 90@5 00; triple extra at $5 50.

GRAIN.

At PHILADELPHIA Wheat had a speculation demand; ie. higher all around. No. 2 red at $1.13½, Dec. 1 17½

AT NEW YORK, Wheat opened 1@2c. better. No. 2 red, both spot and options, being dull. No. 2 red for Dec. $1 17½; spot red was in sympathy, shippers buying to some extent; spot spring was in moderate request for export at lower prices. Millers are holding off. No. 2 red at $1 18@1 17½, for Dec., at $1 18@1 18¼ January $1 21.

Corn opened better. During session the market was firmer, also owing to light receipts and fair export demand. The second call was firm; fair inquiry. Sales, No. 2, Dec. 60@60¼, Jan. 60c.

Oats at the first call were better. The second call was inactive and slightly lower; sales at this call, No. 2 white at 42@44½ for Dec.

The Rye market was nominal at $1.03 for State. Malt was quiet and steady.

AT BUFFALO Wheat was in fair demand prices nominal: No. 1 white Michigan at $1 09; No. 5 Green Bay at $1 04½; No. 1 white Michigan at $1 09 for Oct; No. 1 hard Sheboygan at $1 05, Corn dull and unsettled; No. 2 western at 36½@37c. Oats were scarce at 37c; Barley neglected. Rye inactive.

At OSWEGO Wheat steady; white State $1 10, red do $1 12. Corn quiet; high mixed 52c, No 2 mixed 52c. Barley quiet and dull; No. 1 Canada held at 81c. Rye none in market. Canada nominally held at 92@95c.

AT LOUISVILLE Wheat was strong at $1 05@1 08. Corn quiet; No 2 white 42c; do mixed 40c. Oats were steady; No 2 white at 36c; do mixed 35c. Rye steady and unchanged.

AT BALTIMORE southern Wheat was higher and active; western irregular; southern red at 105@1 08; do amber at $1 70@1 13; No 2 western winter red, spot, at $1 05@1 06.

AT CHICAGO Wheat was active firm and higher No. 2 Chicago spring at 103 @ 104, for Nov. for cash; 1 05 for Nov.

At DETROIT Wheat was easier; extra white Michigan nominal; No 1